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SPIKE

# 1000 WAYS TO DIE

• 1ST EVER GRAPHIC NOVEL •

• WITH NEVER-SEEN-BEFORE DEATHS! •

BASED ON THE TELEVISION SERIES
CREATED BY THOM BEERS


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CREATED BY THOM BEERS

SPIKE



# 1000 WAYS TO DIE

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SPIKE

# 1000 WAYS TO DIE


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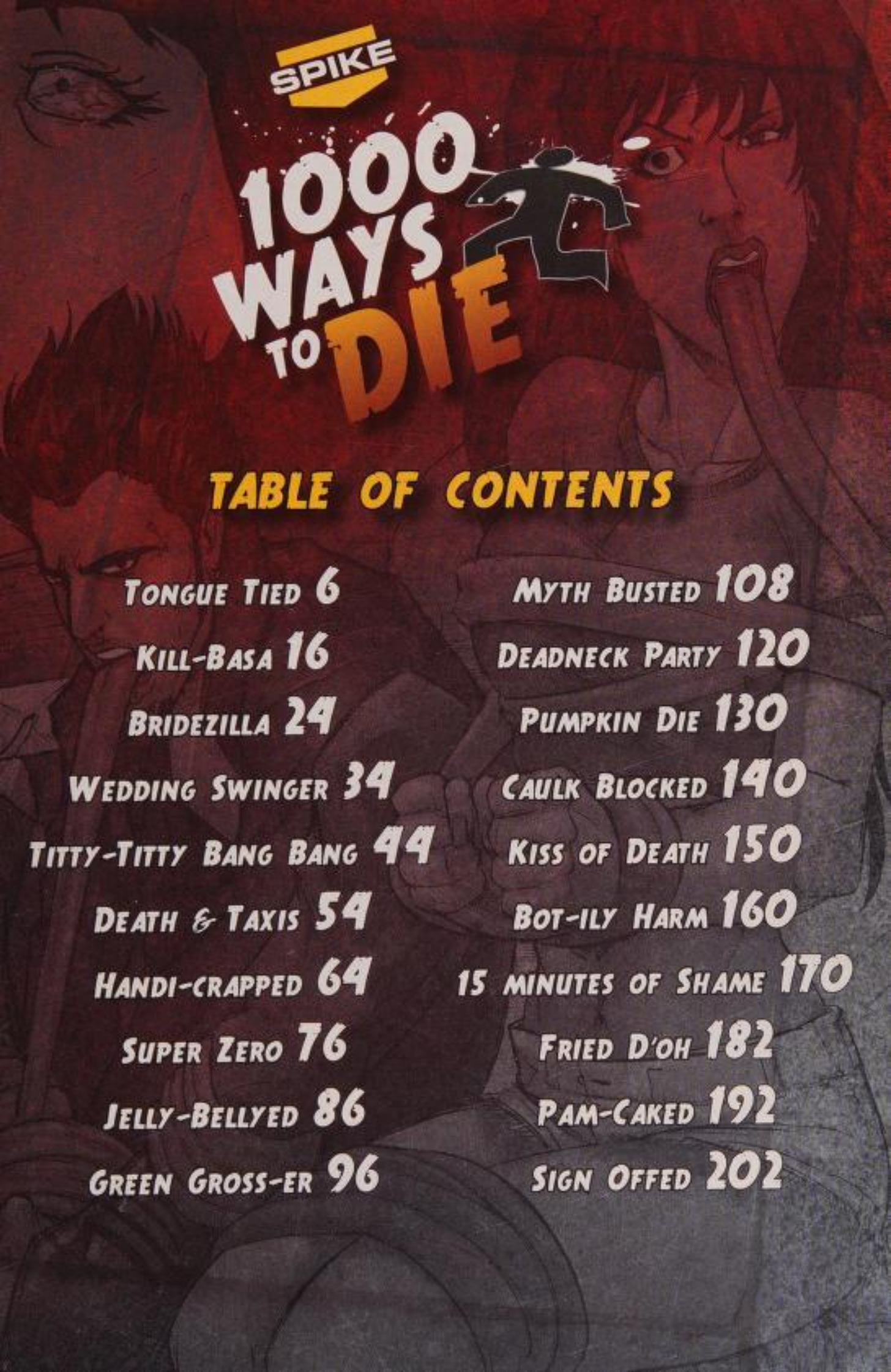
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THE STORIES YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE ARE TRUE AND BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS.

NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE IDENTITIES OF THE DECEASED.

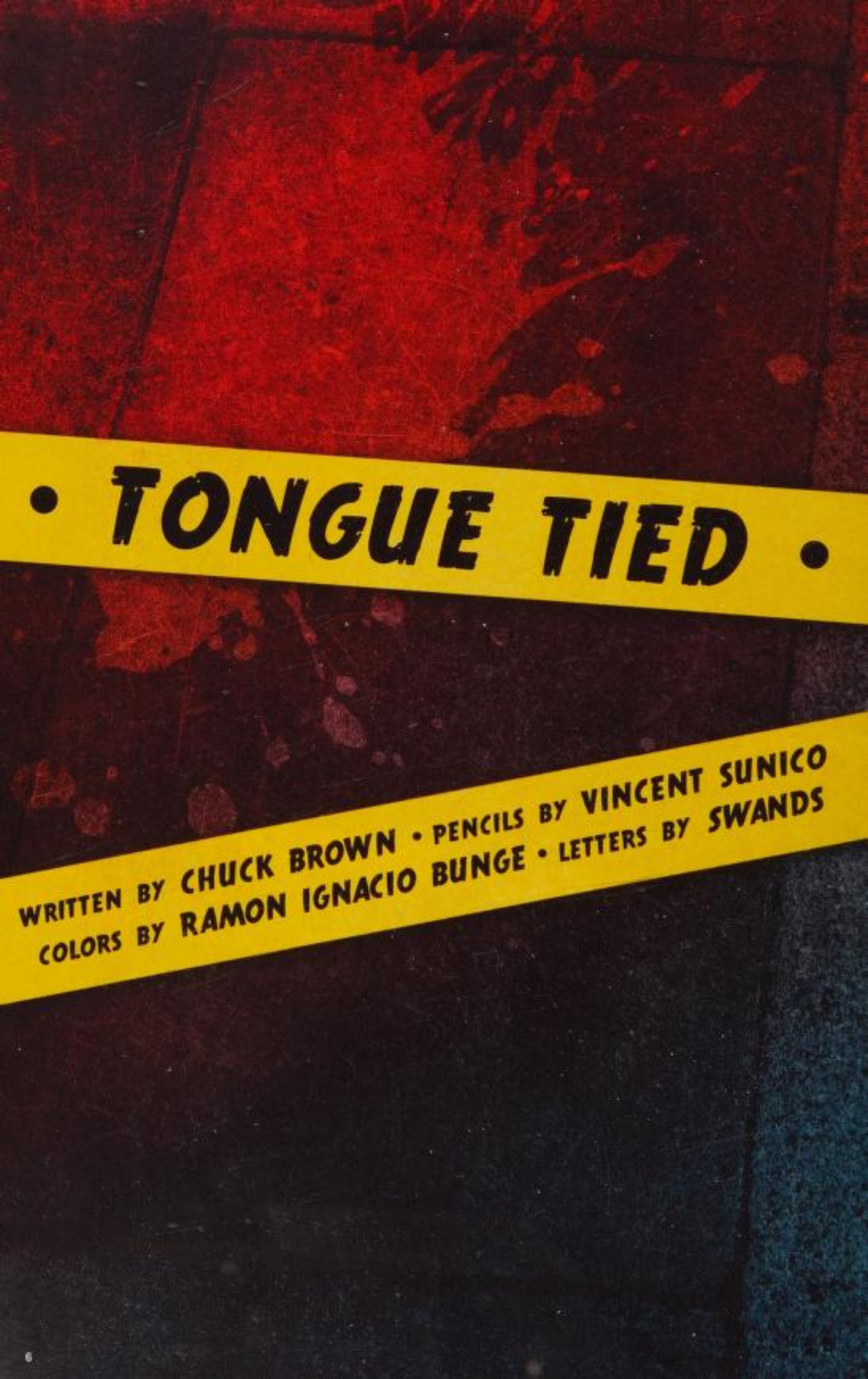
# WARNING:

THE DEATHS PORTRAYED IN THIS BOOK ARE REAL AND EXTREMELY GRAPHIC.

POLICE LINE • DO NO

CROSS • POLICE LINE


ROSS • POLICE LINE •
O NOT CROSS • POLI


• TONGUE TIED •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY VINCENT SUNICO
COLORS BY RAMON IGNACIO BUNGE • LETTERS BY SWANDS


DATE: APRIL 16, 2006
LOCATION: LONG BEACH, CA
IMAGINE BEING OUT FOR A NICE SUNDAY DRIVE.


NOW IMAGINE *THIS* GROUP OF IDIOTS ALMOST RUNNING YOU OFF THE ROAD.


MEET MIKE, JADE AND THEIR CREW. THEY HAVE JUST AS MUCH DISREGARD FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY AS THEY DO OTHERS.


THEY'RE A BUNCH OF "FAST AND FURIOUS" WANNABES.


IN REALITY, THEY WERE JUST SNOTTY SUBURBAN KIDS WITH MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS.


THEY'D BLOWN THEIR TRUST FUNDS ON MUSCLE CARS AND DESIGNER CLOTHES.


MIKE AND JADE CONSIDERED THEMSELVES TO BE THE *SID AND NANCY* OF THE GROUP...


...A COUPLE OF *SEX PISTOLS.*


THERE WASN'T A LINE THE TWO WOULDN'T CROSS.
OR AN ORIFICE THEY WOULDN'T PIERCE.
TODAY, JADE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE HER NEW TONGUE PIERCING FOR A JOYRIDE.
EVERYONE IN THE CARS THOUGHT MIKE AND JADE SHOULD PERFORM A STUNT TO CHRISTEN JADE'S NEW TONGUE RING.
DO IT! DO IT!
DO IT! DO IT!


SO THE TWO DECIDED THEY WOULD TRY THE KISS OF DEATH.

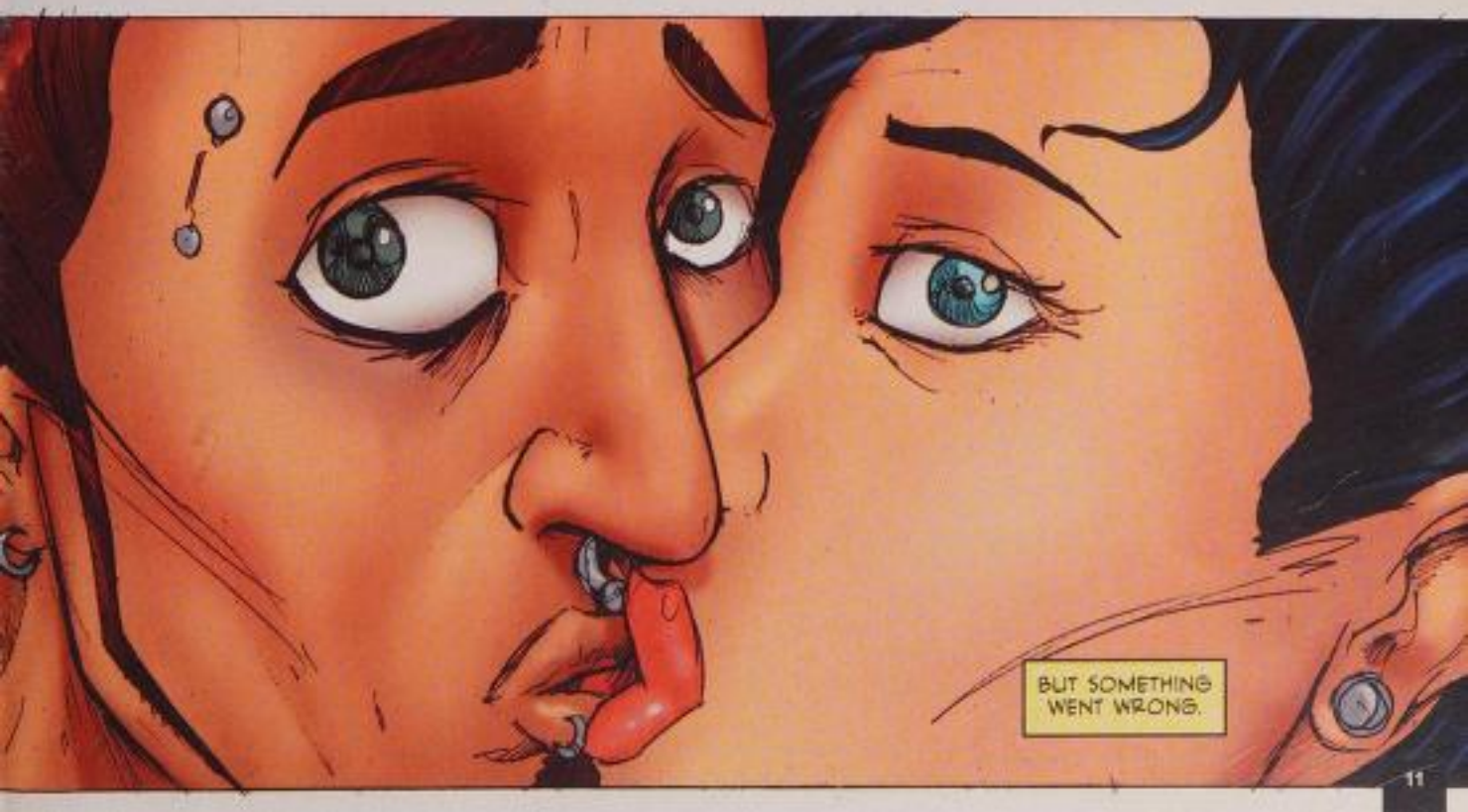

THE KISS OF DEATH IS A SIMPLE STUNT.


TWO LOVERS KISS WHILE SITTING IN ADJACENT CARS RACING TOWARD A STATIONARY OBJECT.


THE TWO LOVERS THEN HAVE TO PULL AWAY BEFORE *HITTING* THE OBJECT.


IN MIKE AND JADE'S CASE, THE OBJECT WAS A *FORKLIFT*.


THEIR PLAN WAS TO UNLOCK LIPS AT THE *LAST* SECOND.

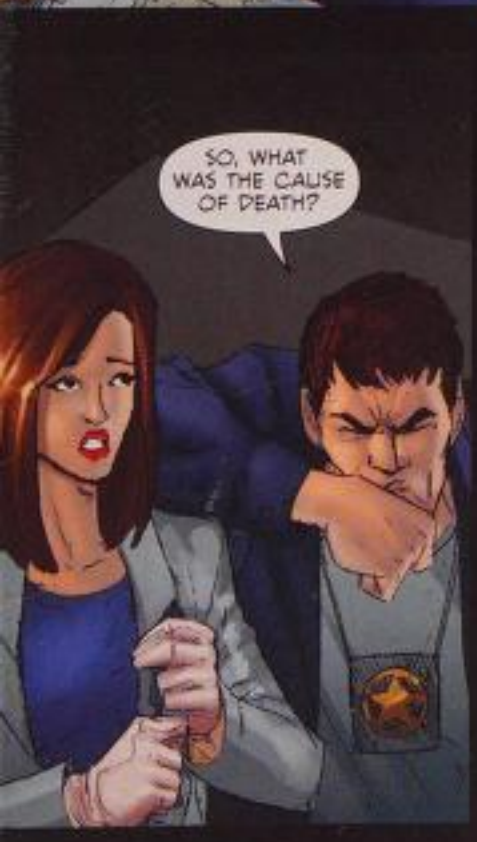

BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG.


THE BALL OF MIKE'S TONGUE RING GOT CAUGHT ON JADE'S TONGUE RING...
...AND THEY WERE STUCK.
MIKE AND JADE FOUND THEMSELVES... TONGUE-TIED.


LOSE YOUR APPETITE AGAIN?
WOW. JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN IT ALL.
URRGGHHH!
YOU CAN SAY THAT.


THAT'S THE GROSSEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.
WELL I TRIED TO WARN YOU. THIS ONE WAS PARTICULARLY... VIOLENT. WHAT MADE YOU THINK YOU COULD EAT A SANDWICH AND COME TO THE MORGUE?
I DON'T KNOW...PEOPLE DO IT ON TV ALL THE TIME.


WELL, THIS IS FAR FROM TV.

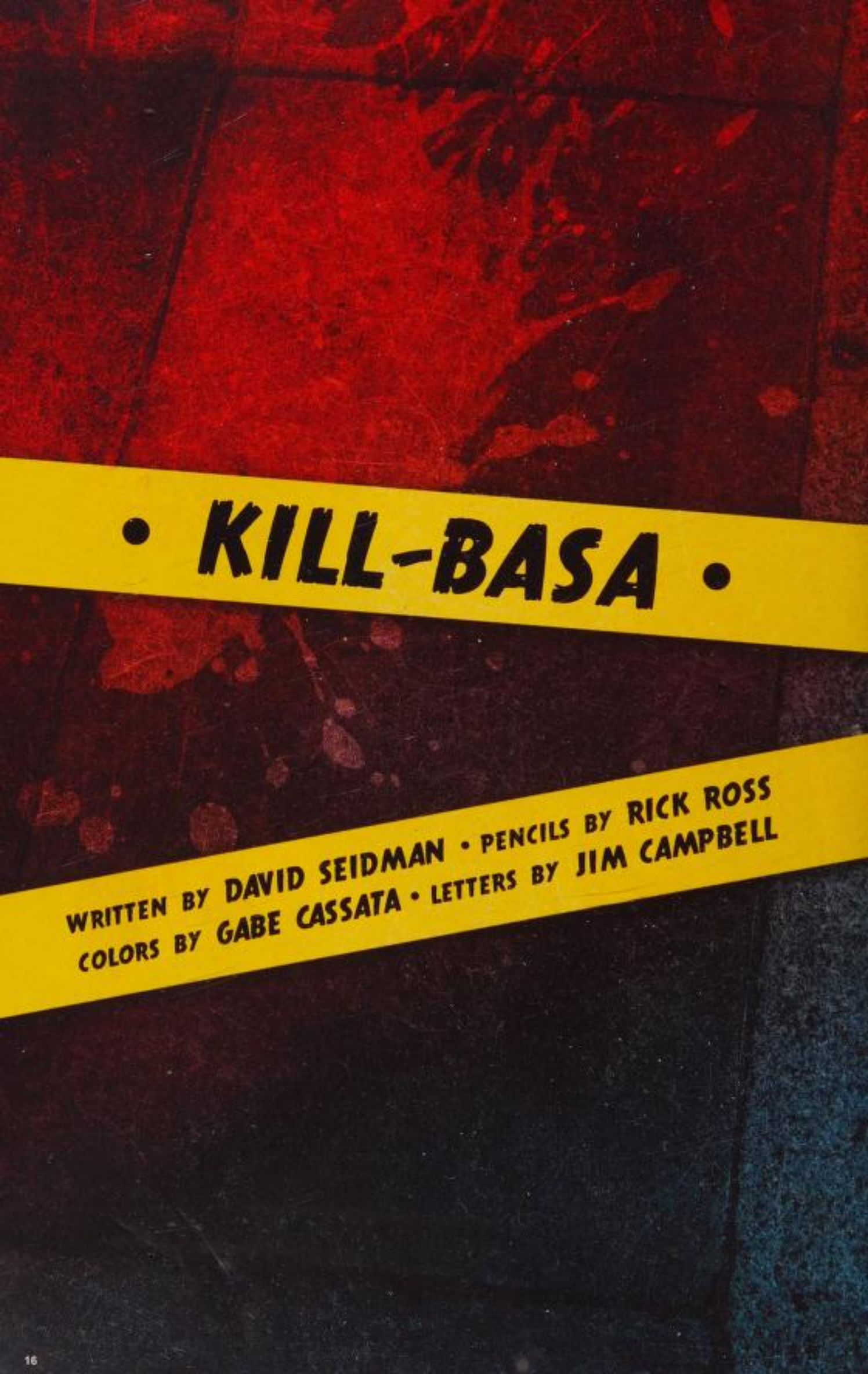

SO, WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF DEATH?




HEART ATTACK.


MIKE AND JADE GOT THEIR KICKS BY LIVING LIFE DANGEROUSLY.
AND THEY ALWAYS CAME UP WITH STUNTS TO IMPRESS THEIR FRIENDS.
BUT THIS TIME THEY JUST DIDN'T USE THEIR HEADS...
SO THEY LOST THEM INSTEAD.
WAY TO DIE #512: TONGUE TIED

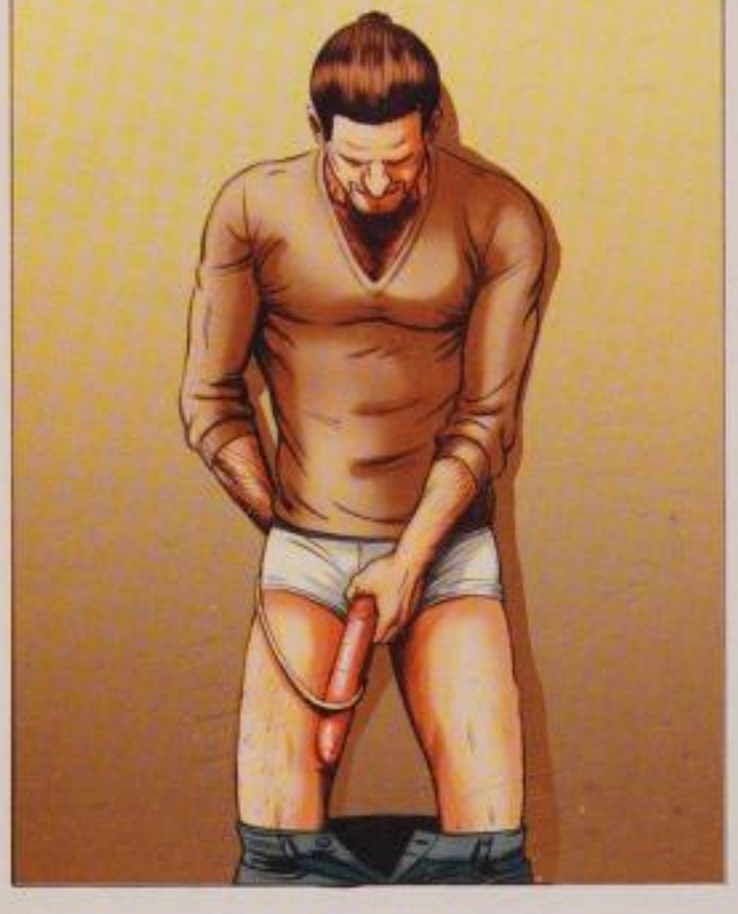



• KILL-BASA •
WRITTEN BY DAVID SEIDMAN • PENCILS BY RICK ROSS
COLORS BY GABE CASSATA • LETTERS BY JIM CAMPBELL


LOCATION: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
DATE: APRIL, 2002
MEET "DISCO" DONNY DELNOCHE. DONNY IS OBSESSED WITH SIZE.
MEN
HAHAHA HAHAHA
HE SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE BEING LAUGHED AT BY GUYS IN THE LOCKER ROOM...
IS IT IN YET?
AND BY THE WOMEN IN THE BEDROOM.
ON THIS NIGHT, DONNY DECIDED TO FIGHT BACK.
HIS CHOICE OF WEAPON...
A 12-INCH KIELBASA.

# How NOT to impress the ladies...

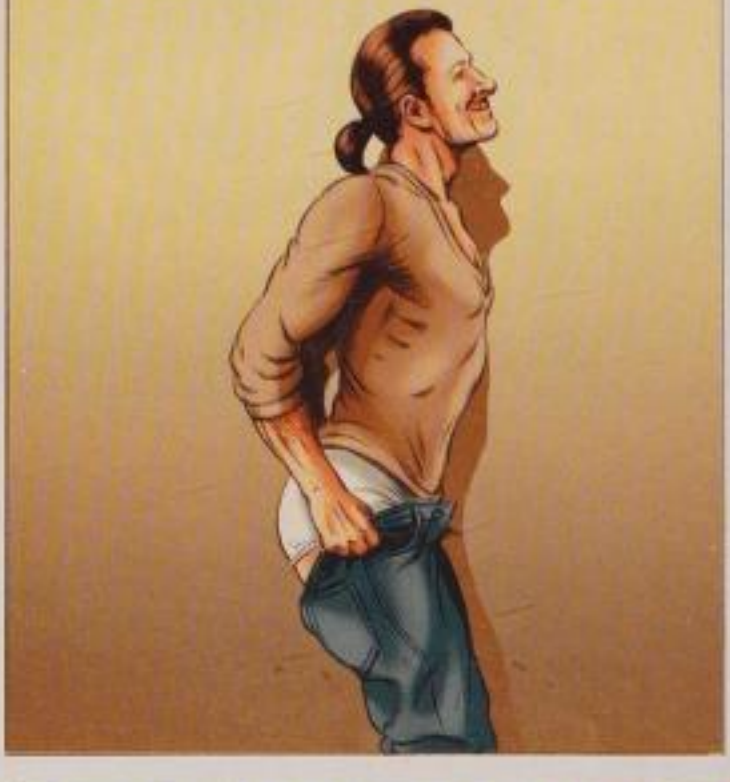
**1** **Place** a large sausage against your inner thigh.



**2** **Tie** the sausage in place with an elastic tube.



**3** **Put** on some pants to conceal the sausage.

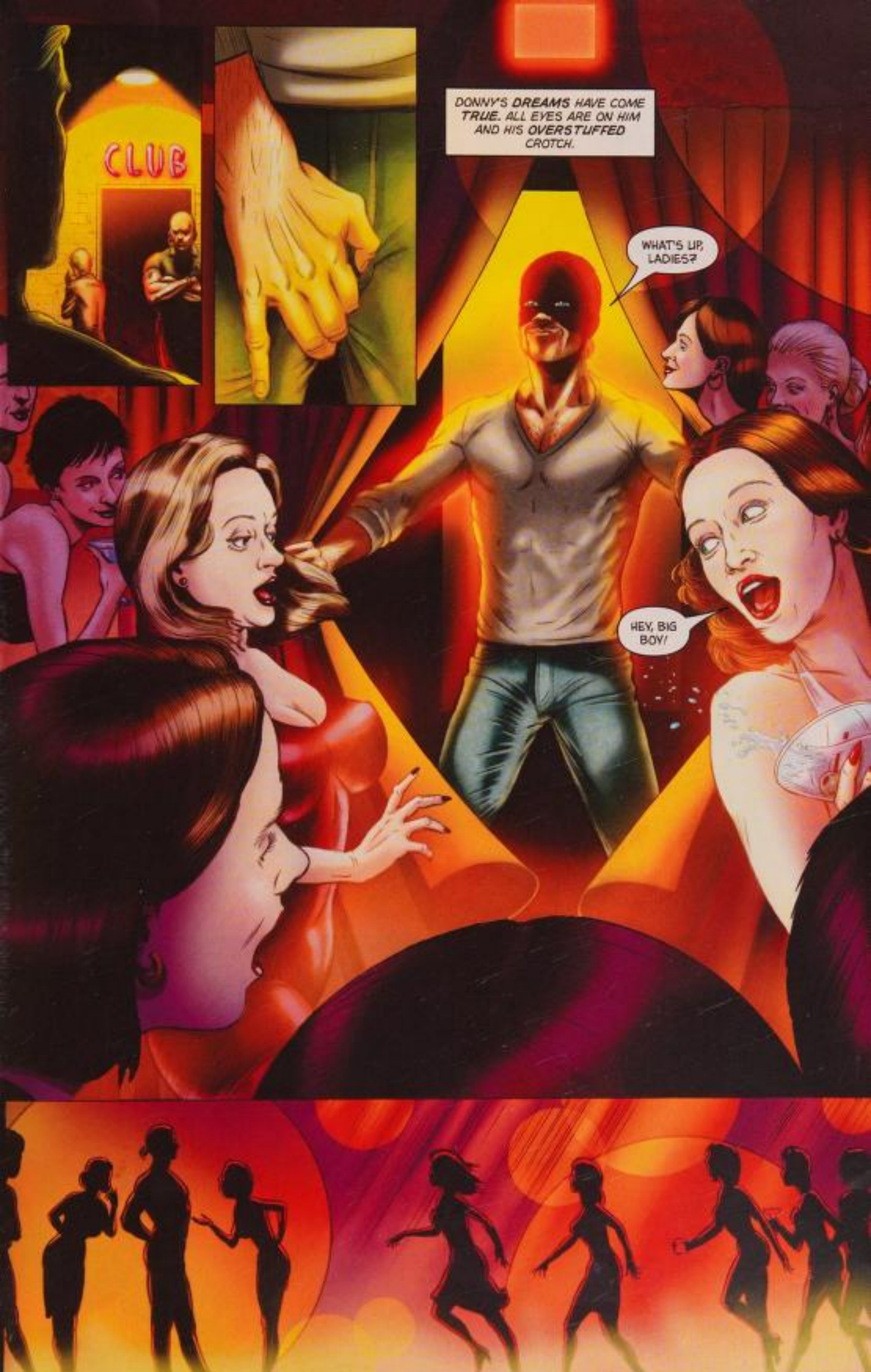


**4** **Impress** with your new man-bulge.



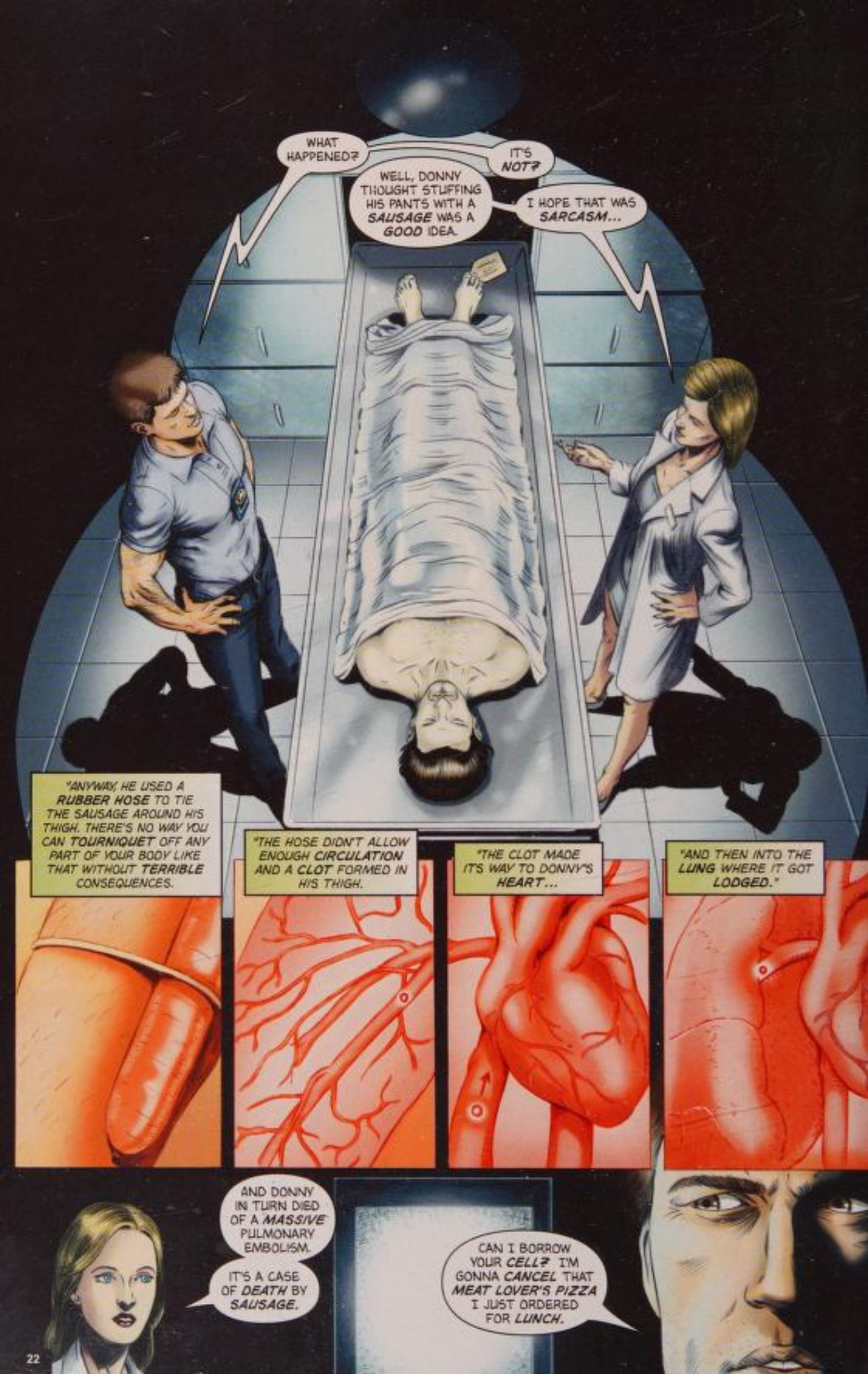
**WARNING:**

**Do not try this unless you are extremely insecure... And even then, do not try this.**

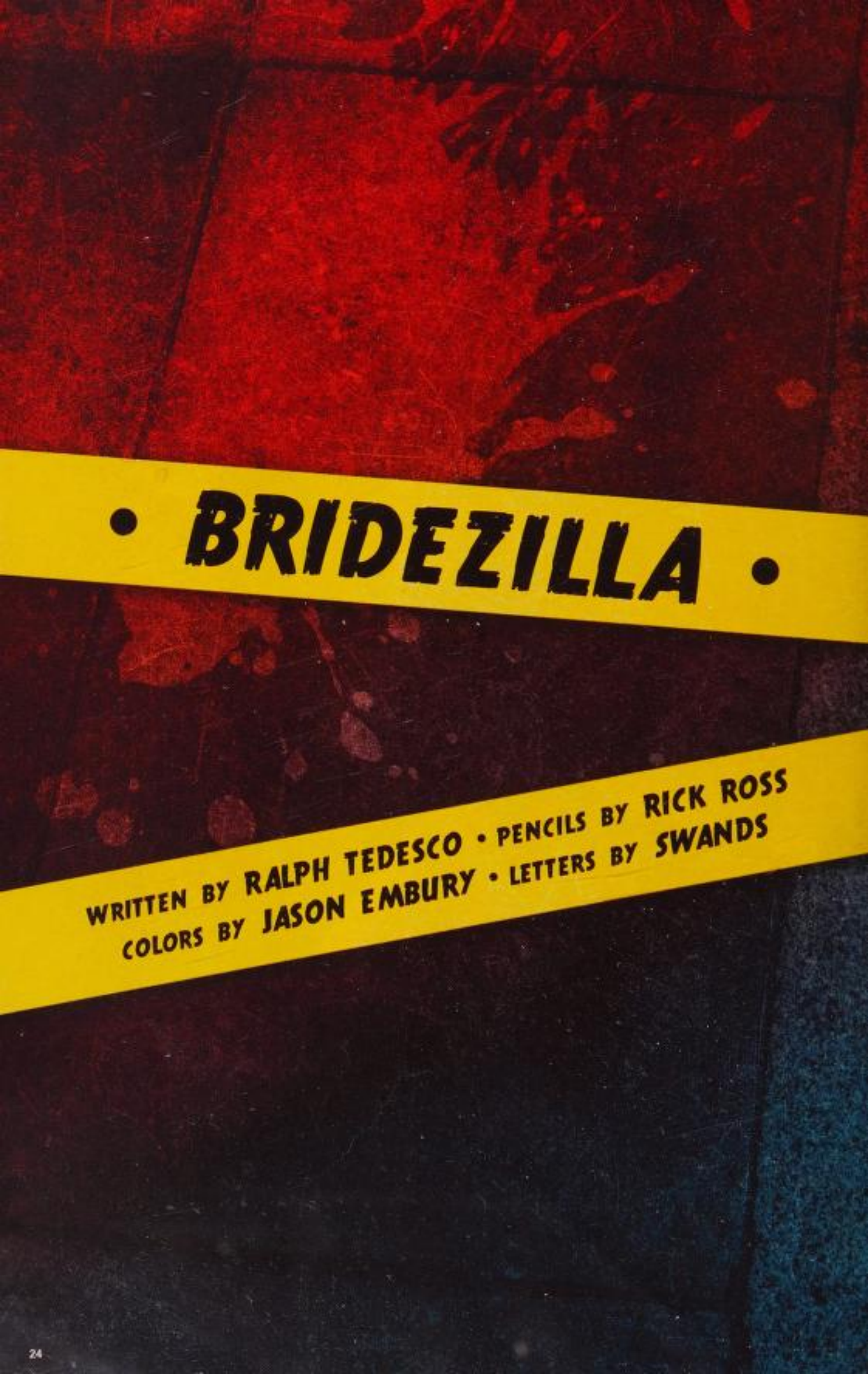

CLUB
DONNY'S DREAMS HAVE COME TRUE. ALL EYES ARE ON HIM AND HIS OVERSTUFFED CROTCH.
WHAT'S UP, LADIES?
HEY, BIG BOY!


FOR FOUR LONG, VERY LONG HOURS, DONNY IS THE MAN.
ONE BY ONE, GIRLS COME UP TO DONNY AND PAY TRIBUTE TO HIS SALAMI.
THERE IS ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE...
WELL, ALMOST EVERYONE.


AT THE HEIGHT OF DONNY'S TRIUMPH...
...EVERYTHING SUDDENLY GOES WRONG.
GRRRG!
IT'S LIKE A THOUSAND SCALPELS ARE STABBING AT HIS CHEST.
HIS BOOGIE NIGHTS START TO BLUR.
"DISCO" DONNY DELNOCHE IS DEAD.


WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S NOT?
WELL, DONNY THOUGHT STUFFING HIS PANTS WITH A SAUSAGE WAS A GOOD IDEA.
I HOPE THAT WAS SARCASM...
"ANYWAY, HE USED A RUBBER HOSE TO TIE THE SAUSAGE AROUND HIS THIGH. THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN TOURNIQUET OFF ANY PART OF YOUR BODY LIKE THAT WITHOUT TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES.
"THE HOSE DIDN'T ALLOW ENOUGH CIRCULATION AND A CLOT FORMED IN HIS THIGH.
"THE CLOT MADE IT'S WAY TO DONNY'S HEART...
"AND THEN INTO THE LUNG WHERE IT GOT LODGED."
AND DONNY IN TURN DIED OF A MASSIVE PULMONARY EMBOLISM.
IT'S A CASE OF DEATH BY SAUSAGE.
CAN I BORROW YOUR CELL? I'M GONNA CANCEL THAT MEAT LOVER'S PIZZA I JUST ORDERED FOR LUNCH.


DONNY THOUGHT THAT SIZE WAS ALL THAT MATTERED...
SO HE DECIDED TO MAKE A BOLD STATEMENT.
FOR ONE NIGHT, HE'D HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW OFF...
SOMETHING TO DIE FOR.
WAY TO DIE #510: KILL BASA


• BRIDEZILLA •
WRITTEN BY RALPH TEDESCO • PENCILS BY RICK ROSS
COLORS BY JASON EMBURY • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: MIAMI, FLORIDA
DATE: MAY, 2007
IT'S A BIG DAY FOR KATIE... MAYBE THE BIGGEST...
...SHE'S GETTING MARRIED...


KNOCK KNOCK
KATIE! WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG? IT'S TIME.
BUT DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A BLUSHING BRIDE ABOUT TO STROLL DOWN THE AISLE?
OH YEAH.
HARDLY. KATIE HASN'T SLEPT FOR THREE DAYS. SHE'S BEEN ON THE MOTHER OF ALL BENDERS.


HER DRUG OF CHOICE?
BATH SALTS.
THAT'S RIGHT... EVERYDAY... OVER-THE-COUNTER BATH SALTS.
KNOCK KNOCK
KATIE!?
JESUS, PUT A CORK IN IT, MOTHER! I'M COMING.
I DO... I DO... I DO LOVE THIS!
THE CLOSER SHE GETS TO HER "I DO" MOMENT THE MORE FRAZZLED KATIE BECOMES.
CRASH
SHE'S TURNED HER WEDDING DAY INTO A DEMOLITION DERBY...
HER BRIDESMAIDS COME TO THE RESCUE... BUT NOBODY IS ABLE TO STOP BRIDE-ZILLA.


FINALLY, THE TIME COMES FOR KATIE TO WALK DOWN THE AISLE.
KATIE... WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
I DID HIM...
I DID HIM...
...AND HER.
HER DAD IS EMBARRASSED, BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON...

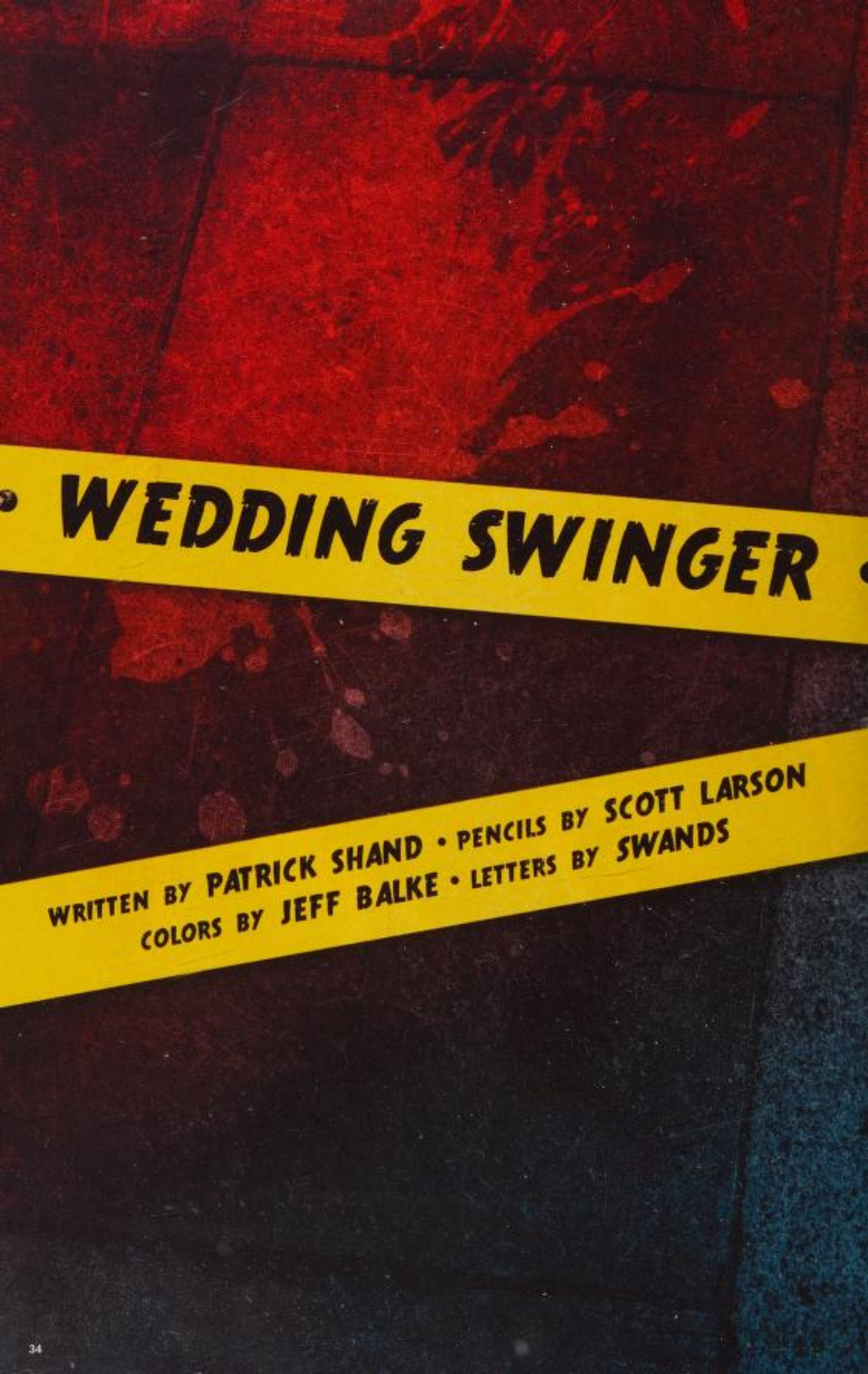

DAMN, FATHER, YOU'RE LOOKING KINDA SEXY IN THAT COLLAR.
HUBBY-TO-BE IS MORTIFIED AT HIS BRIDE'S BEHAVIOR.
HURMMM... DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY TO CELEBRATE THE BANQUET OF LIFE WHICH GOD HAS GIVEN US...
BUT HE'D BE MORE THAN MORTIFIED IF HE HAD BEEN A FLY ON THE WALL AN HOUR EARLIER...
HARDER! HARDER!
...WHEN SHE WAS GETTING IT FROM THE BEST MAN.
THIS POOR GUY HAS NO IDEA HE'S ABOUT TO MARRY THE SLUT OF THE CENTURY.
IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, SWEETIE?
SHHUSHHHH!
THE FASTER WE GET THROUGH THIS, THE FASTER WE CAN PARTY.


MOMENTS LATER...
KATIE... DO YOU TAKE--
URGGGG.
A-ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH, YEAH PADRE. LET'S GET THIS THING MOVING.
DO YOU, KATIE, TAKE...
KATIE?
I-I DON'T FEEL SO--
JUST BEFORE THEY CAN SEAL IT WITH A KISS, KATIE'S BATH-SALTED HEART HAS ENOUGH. AND HER WEDDING TURNS INTO A FUNERAL.


SO WHAT WAS IT? PILLS? COKE?
NOPE. OUR BRIDE-TO-BE RIGHT HERE WAS SNORTING BATH SALTS.
BATH SALTS? YOU'RE KIDDING.
I'M AFRAID NOT. BATH SALTS ARE CHEAP, UNDETECTABLE IN DRUG TESTING, AND THEY GIVE USERS A SIMILAR HIGH TO COCAINE.
PROBLEM IS THEY'RE AS DANGEROUS--OR EVEN MORE SO--THAN SNORTING COKE. SHE USED SO MUCH THAT HER HEART STARTED WORKING OVER-TIME AND HER BLOOD PRESSURE SOARED THROUGH THE ROOF.
AND THAT LED TO A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK RIGHT AT THE ALTAR.

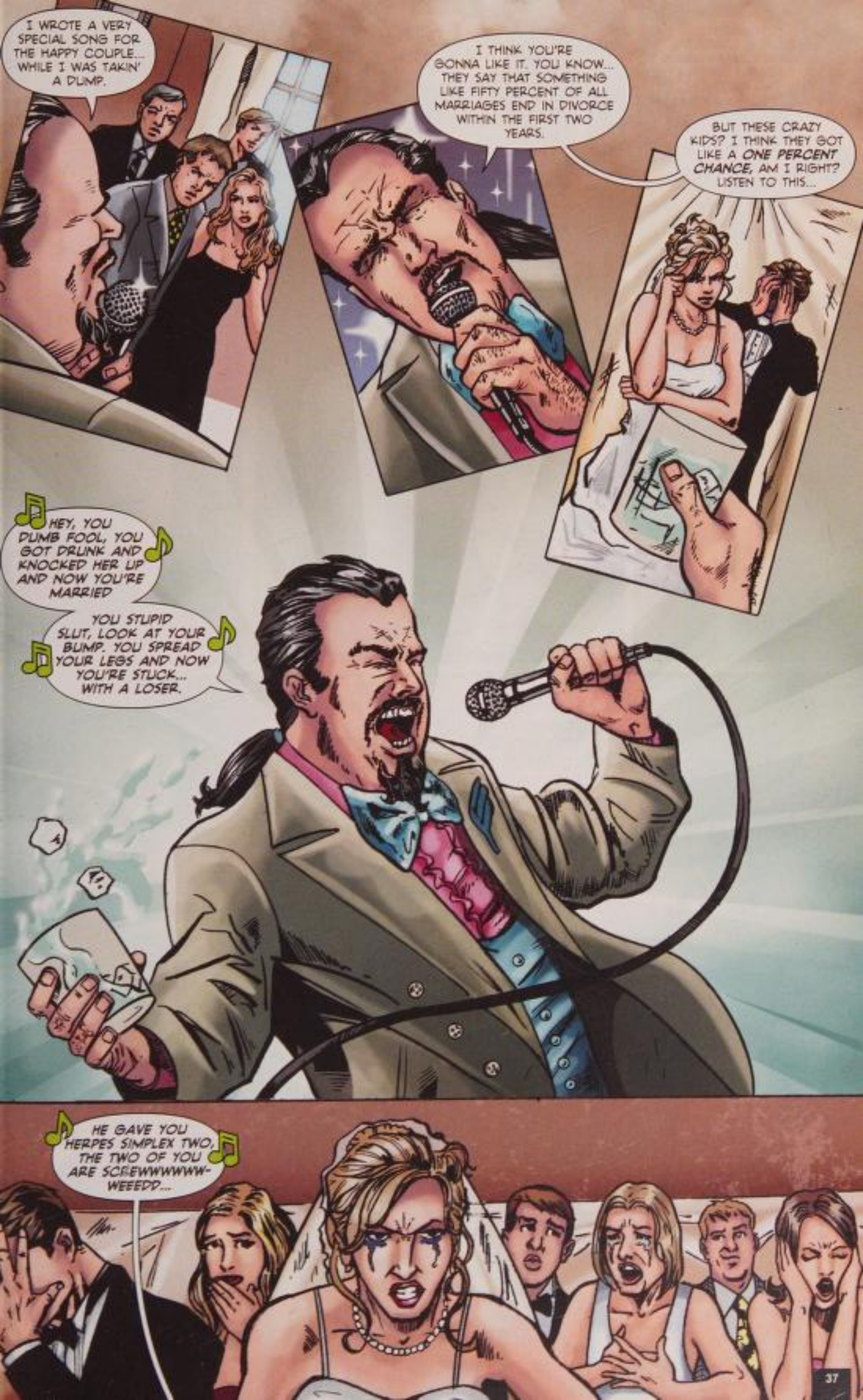

SHE SNORTED LINES LIKE SCARFACE...
SHE SCREWED LIKE LINDA LOVELACE...
AND SHE BIT IT ON HER BIG DAY.
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU...DEAD.




WEDDING SWINGER
WRITTEN BY PATRICK SHAND • PENCILS BY SCOTT LARSON
COLORS BY JEFF BALKE • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
DATE: FEBRUARY 14, 1998
THERE'S ONE AT EVERY WEDDING.
THE DRUNK WHO GETS AN EARLY START AT THE OPEN BAR AND DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP AS THE WEDDING BAND PLAYS.
AW, C'MON, IT'S JUST A JOKE! HAVE ANOTHER DRINK, YOU MIGHT GET A PERSONALITY!
BUT IN THIS CASE, THE BOOZED-UP JERK IS THE WEDDING SINGER.

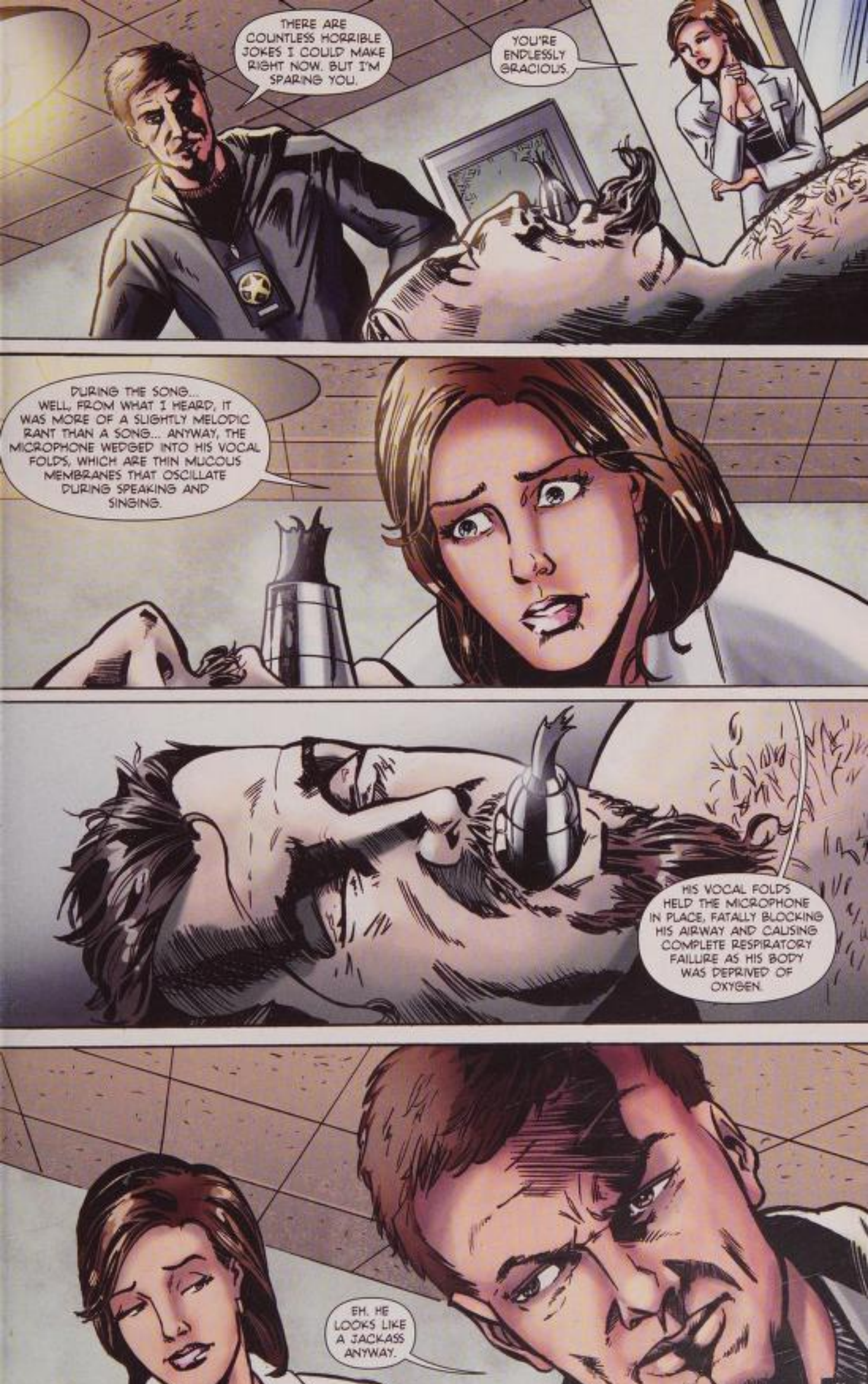

THIS WEDDING SINGER IS PUTTING ON QUITE A SHOW. HIS OPENING NUMBER? HIT ON THE BRIDE'S MOTHER...
HOW'RE YOU DOING, MOM? MIND IF I CALL YOU MOM?
...HARASS THE BRIDESMAIDS...
SO, WHAT ARE YOU DOING LATER?
YOU'RE REPULSIVE.
...AND THEN TOAST THE HAPPY COUPLE.
C'MON MAN--YOU GOT HER PREGNANT BEFORE THE WEDDING, YOU CAN AT LEAST MAKE OUT A LITTLE NOW.
CAN THINGS POSSIBLY GET WORSE?
BOOM BOOM BOOM
CHECK IT OUT, I'M MAKING SICK BEATS.
...JUST WATCH.


I WROTE A VERY SPECIAL SONG FOR THE HAPPY COUPLE... WHILE I WAS TAKIN' A DUMP.
I THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT. YOU KNOW... THEY SAY THAT SOMETHING LIKE FIFTY PERCENT OF ALL MARRIAGES END IN DIVORCE WITHIN THE FIRST TWO YEARS.
BUT THESE CRAZY KIDS? I THINK THEY GOT LIKE A ONE PERCENT CHANCE, AM I RIGHT? LISTEN TO THIS...
HEY, YOU DUMB FOOL, YOU GOT DRUNK AND KNOCKED HER UP AND NOW YOU'RE MARRIED
YOU STUPID SLUT, LOOK AT YOUR BUMP. YOU SPREAD YOUR LEGS AND NOW YOU'RE STUCK... WITH A LOSER.
HE GAVE YOU HERPES SIMPLEX TWO, THE TWO OF YOU ARE SCREWWWWWW-WEEEDD...


WOOOO... YOU'RE SCREWED... HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR MINI-VAN YET?
...FOR THE FIVE FREAKIN' KIDS YOU'RE GONNA HAVE...
BE A MAN FOR ONCE AND DO SOMETHING. HE'S RUINING OUR WEDDING!
BACK ME UP, BRO?
ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY--WE'RE GONNA SING IT AGAIN!


IT'S TIME FOR THE BIG FINISH.
WOOOOO... OH, HEY GUYS. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I THINK I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE.
NOPE! NOT DONE WITH THE SONG! GOTTA GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT.
WATCH ME BREAK IT DOWN.
HEY, YOU DUMB FOOL
YOU GOT DRUNK AND KNOCKED HER UP
AND NOW YOU'RE MARRIED
YOU STUPID SLUT, LOOK AT YOUR WHOA!


GARRF!
URRRK
...BEEEEK...


THERE ARE COUNTLESS HORRIBLE JOKES I COULD MAKE RIGHT NOW. BUT I'M SPARING YOU.
YOU'RE ENDLESSLY GRACIOUS.
DURING THE SONG... WELL, FROM WHAT I HEARD, IT WAS MORE OF A SLIGHTLY MELODIC RANT THAN A SONG... ANYWAY, THE MICROPHONE WEDGED INTO HIS VOCAL FOLDS, WHICH ARE THIN MUCOUS MEMBRANES THAT OSCILLATE DURING SPEAKING AND SINGING.
HIS VOCAL FOLDS HELD THE MICROPHONE IN PLACE, FATALLY BLOCKING HIS AIRWAY AND CAUSING COMPLETE RESPIRATORY FAILURE AS HIS BODY WAS DEPRIVED OF OXYGEN.
EH. HE LOOKS LIKE A JACKASS ANYWAY.




## WAY TO DIE #388: WEDDING SWINGER




• TITTY-TITTY BANG BANG •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY PAUL ABSTRUSE
COLORS BY ANDREW ELDER • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: SAN DIEGO, CA
DATE: JUNE 6, 2006
MODELLING AGENCY
CONNIE WAS IN A FUNK.
HER ACTING CAREER HAD NOT GONE AS PLANNED.
THE ONLY ACTING SHE'D GOTTEN TO DO WAS PRETENDING TO BE AWAKE AT HER TEMP JOBS.
SHE WAS IN DESPERATE NEED OF A CHANGE.


SO DESPERATE SHE WAS WILLING TO BECOME A STRIPPER. BUT SHE NEEDED ONE THING.
MAKE THAT TWO THINGS.
DR. MAX LEHFELDT
Plastic Surgeon
MOST YOUNG WOMEN WHO CHOOSE TO HAVE BREAST IMPLANTS ARE MOTIVATED BY A DESIRE FOR ACCEPTANCE.


AND SOME LADIES DO IT TO IMPROVE THEIR CAREERS.
CONNIE BEGAN SEARCHING THE WEB FOR THE CHEAPEST BOOB JOB SHE COULD FIND.
AND SHE FOUND IT.
OK, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?
I WANT MELONS. GIANT, EPIC STRIPPER BOOBS!


BUT SHE'D CHOSEN A QUACK DOCTOR WHO WAS WILLING TO GIVE HER WHATEVER SHE ASKED FOR AS LONG AS SHE PAID CASH.
DON'T WORRY I'LL GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST HONKERS IN ALL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
SO THE DOCTOR BEGAN TO TRANSFORM CONNIE.
NOW JUST RELAX WHILE I REACH INTO MY BAG OF TRICKS.


TWO WEEKS LATER, CONNIE BOARDED A PLANE TO LAS VEGAS FEELING LIKE A NEW WOMAN.
CONNIE COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE ALL THE DOUBLE-TAKES...
...HER DOUBLE-DS WERE GETTING.


AS THE PLANE TOOK OFF AND BEGAN TO CLIMB, CONNIE FELT HER LUCK CHANGING.
WHAT SHE ACTUALLY FELT WAS THE STIRRING OF AIR BUBBLES TRAPPED IN HER NEW PURCHASE. TURNS OUT SHE GOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE PAID FOR.
BUBBLE BUBBLE
BUBBLE BUBBLE BUBBLE

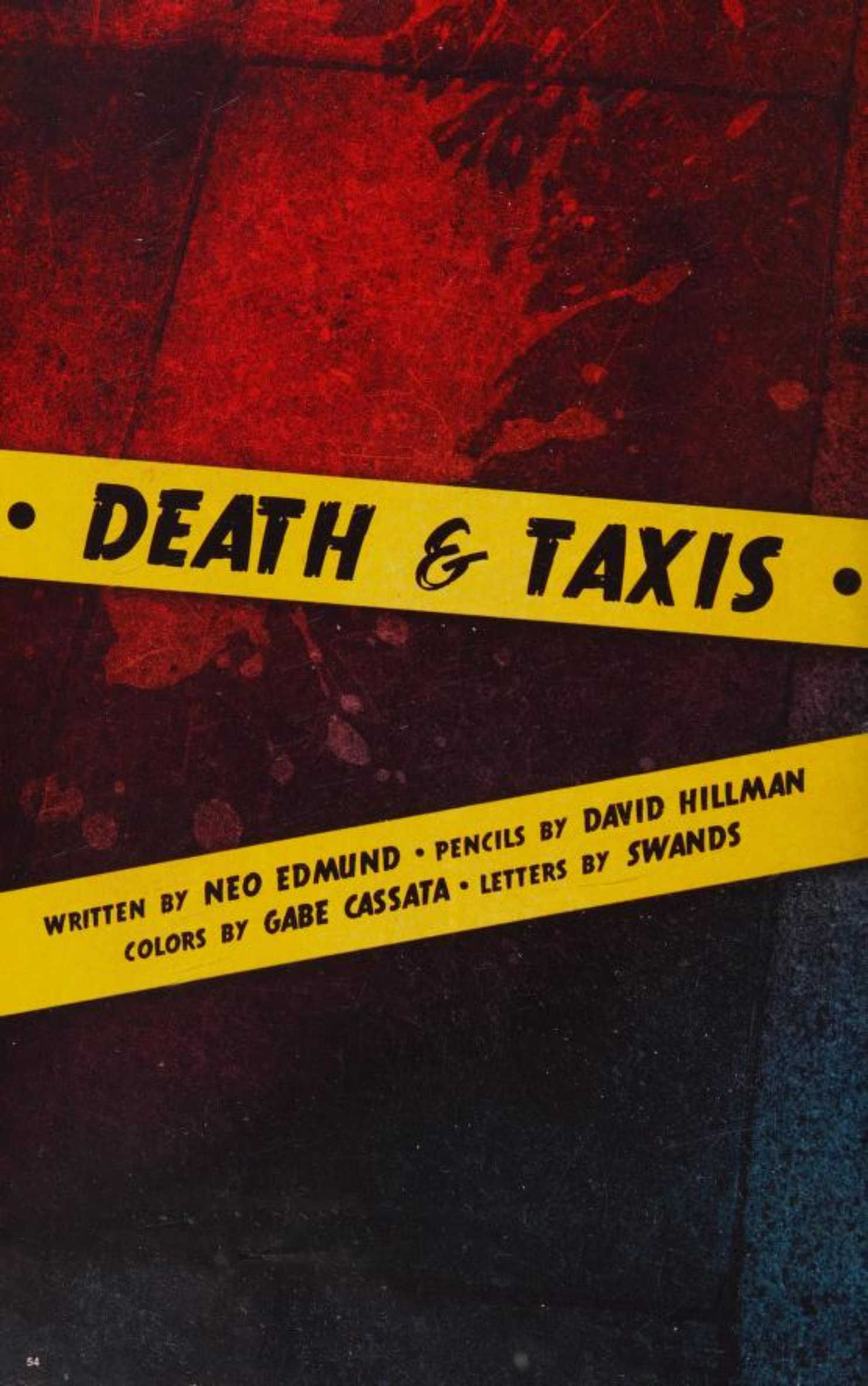

CONNIE'S DOCTOR HAD USED SUBSTANDARD BREAST IMPLANTS. THEY WERE ONE STEP ABOVE WATER BALLOONS AND HAD NO BUSINESS BEING IN A WOMAN'S CHEST.
DR. STEVEN KIM
Biochemist
CERTAIN GASES WITH LOW DENSITIES EXPAND TO A GREATER AMOUNT AT HIGH ALTITUDES.


AHHHHH!!!


CONNIE'S BREASTS WERE EXPANDING AT AN ALARMING RATE.
OH, GOD SHE'S GOT A BOMB IN HER CHEST. WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!!
WHEN THE PLANE REACHED 20,000 FEET...
...THEY POPPED.
AHHHH!
BOOM
A WOMAN WITH EXTREMELY LARGE BREAST IMPLANTS IS GOING TO BE EXPOSED TO A LOWER ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE WHICH CAN LEAD TO A CATASTROPHIC OUTCOME.


OK, IT'S OFFICIAL. I'M A LEG MAN NOW.
IT'S BECAUSE OF ASS, BREAST AND LEG MEN LIKE YOU THAT WOMEN GO TO SUCH IDIOTIC LENGTHS TO PLEASE YOU!
HEY! NO ONE PUT A GUN TO HER HEAD.
WHAT HAPPENED, ANYWAY?
SHE GOT A CHEAP BOOB JOB--A *VERY* CHEAP BOOB JOB. WHEN SHE TRIED TO TAKE A PLANE TO VEGAS TO SHOW 'EM OFF, THEY EXPANDED IN THE CHANGING AIR PRESSURE AND EXPLODED AT 20,000 FT.
WHAT A WAY TO *POP OFF.*

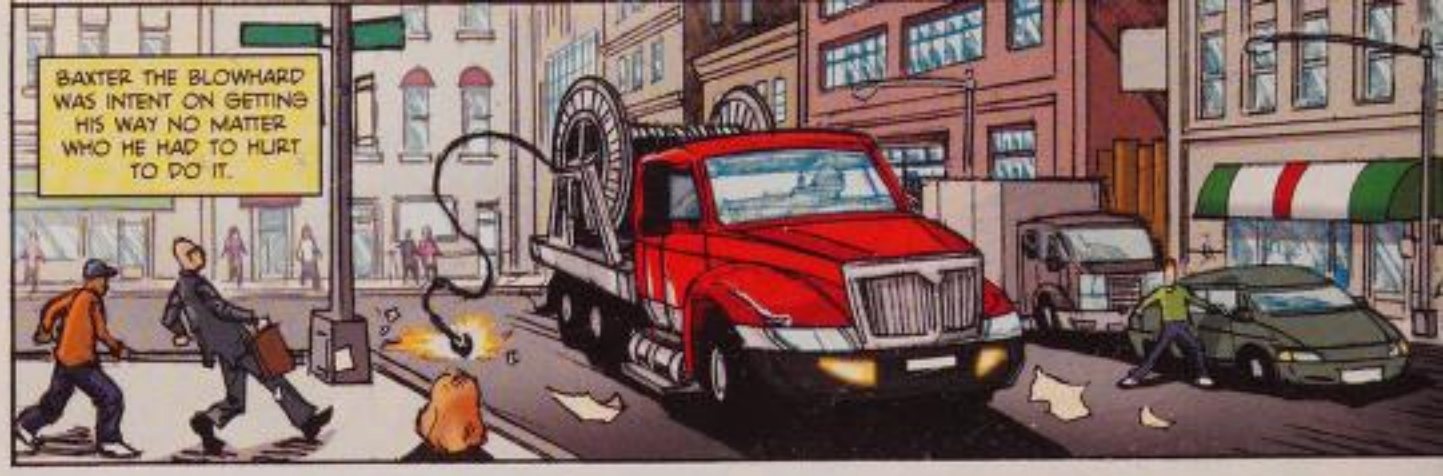

CONNIE WANTED TO BE A SUPERSTAR.
SHE WANTED TO BE A STRIPPER AND GO FROM A...
...TO TRIPLE D.
WHEN CONNIE BOARDED THAT PLANE, SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS GETTING A NEW LEASE ON LIFE.
TOO BAD DEATH STEPPED IN--
--AND BURST HER BUBBLES.
WAY TO DIE # 948: TITTY TITTY BANG BANG


• DEATH & TAXIS •
WRITTEN BY NEO EDMUND • PENCILS BY DAVID HILLMAN
COLORS BY GABE CASSATA • LETTERS BY SWANDS


MEET BAXTER, A BIG-SHOT BLOWHARD WHO GETS OFF BY MAKING EVERYONE AROUND HIM MISERABLE.
WHAT! THAT'S WHAT THE JERK-OFF IN ACCOUNTING TOLD ME...
WATCH IT, BUDDY!
DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
NOT YOU, STUPID! SOME DUMB-ASS GOT IN MY WAY.
HEY!
I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS, YOU PATHETIC S.O.B. FIX IT OR CLEAN OUT YOUR OFFICE.
LOCATION: NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK
DATE: MARCH, 2008


1432
TAXI
STAND
GREAT! NOW I HAVE TO STAND IN LINE FOR A DAMN TAXI...


NEXT, PLEASE!
WHAT BAXTER LACKS IN PEOPLE SKILLS...
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW LONG THIS IS TAKING.
...HE MAKES UP FOR IN LOUD IMPATIENCE.
WHO'S A GUY GOTTA KNOCK OFF TO GET A CAB IN THIS TOWN?
LET ME GET THESE FOR YOU, MA'AM!
YOU'RE A KIND YOUNG MAN. YOU SHOULD MEET MY GRAND-DAUGHTER!
BAXTER THE BULLY USUALLY GETS WHAT HE WANTS...
SCREW THIS! I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY.
...OR ELSE, HE JUST TAKES IT.
OUT OF MY WAY, GRANNY!
SIR, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN.

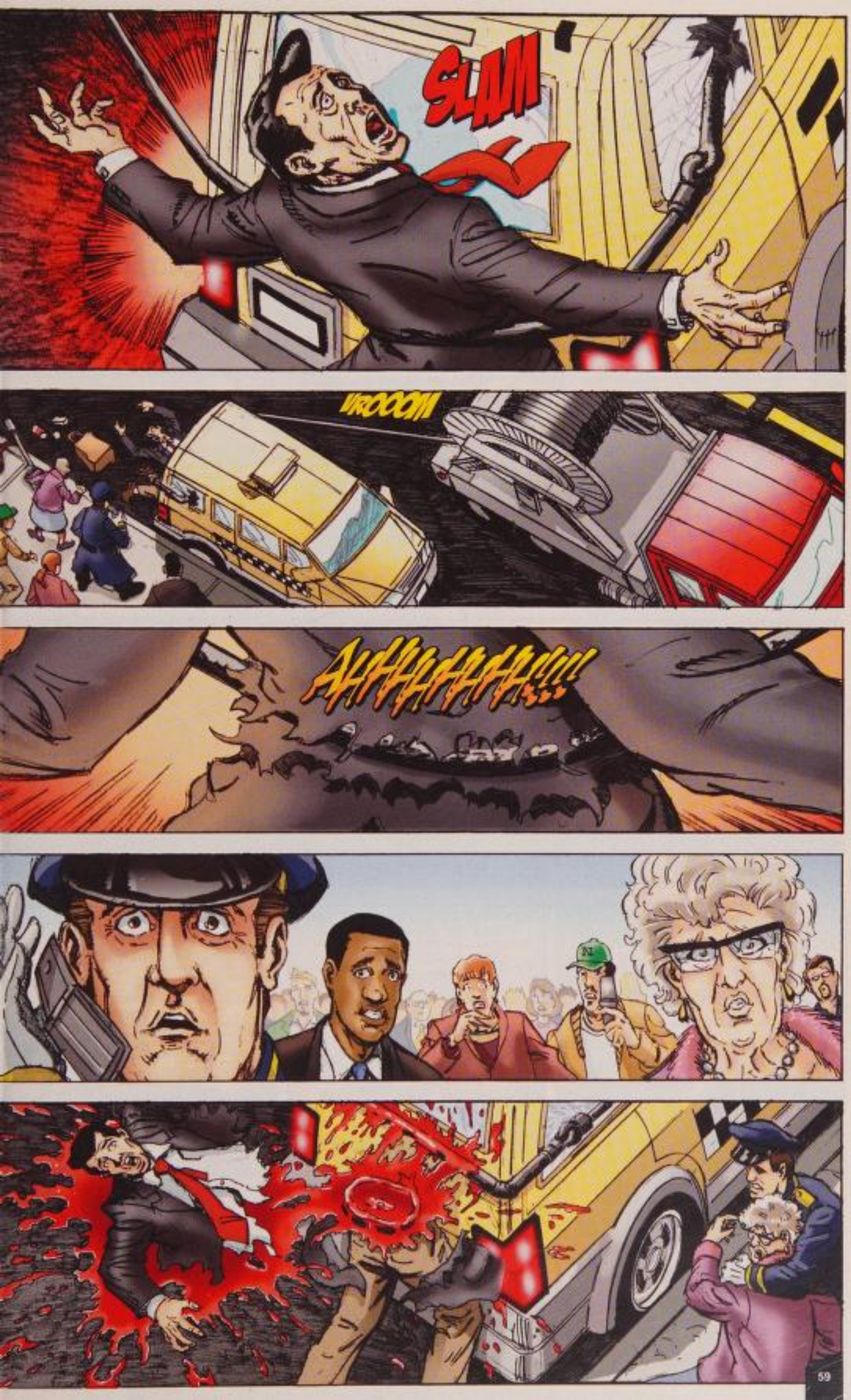

BAXTER THE BLOWHARD WAS INTENT ON GETTING HIS WAY NO MATTER WHO HE HAD TO HURT TO DO IT.


BUDDY, I'M GETTING IN THIS CAB AND NOBODY IS GONNA STOP ME.
THAT'S IT. I'M CALLING THE COPS.


DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.


HELLO, POLICE! I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU GUYS!
I'LL BE GONE WITH MY CAB BEFORE THEY GET HERE.


UNHH!
KRSSH


SLAM
VROOOM
AHHHHHHH!!!!


IN THE BIG CITY, GETTING A TAXI ISN'T ALWAYS AN EASY THING TO DO!
MY FATHER DROVE A CAB FOR 25 YEARS. WE'D BUST A GUT LAUGHING OVER DINNER AT THE STORIES HE TOLD US ABOUT THE CRAZY STUFF PEOPLE DO TRYING TO CATCH A RIDE.
LIKE THE GUY WHO JUMPED IN FRONT OF HIM WHILE HE WAS DRIVING AT 50 M.P.H.
OR THE LADY WHO FAKED BEING IN LABOR TO SQUEEZE OUT A GUY WHO WAS JUST ABOUT TO GET IN.
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOING TO BE THE PROUD MOTHER OF A BOUNCING BABY THROW PILLOW.
BACK WHEN I WAS A BEAT COP, I GOT CALLED OUT OVER A COUPLE OF GRANDPAS BEATING EACH OTHER WITH THEIR WALKERS OVER A CAB.
ALL THEY ENDED UP GETTING WAS A FREE RIDE TO THE COUNTY LOCK-UP.
IT SEEMS SOME PEOPLE WOULD RATHER *DIE* THAN HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT CAB.


IN THIS CASE, OUR FRIEND BAXTER HERE WAS TOO BUSY BEING A TOOL, SO HE DIDN'T SEE A UTILITY TRUCK PASSING BY WITH A LOOSE CABLE FLAILING AROUND BEHIND IT.


THE CABLE CAUGHT THE BACK OF THE TAXI AND PINNED HIS BODY TO THE TRUNK.
THE SAME TRUNK HE HAD JUST TOSSED THE NICE OLD LADY'S BAGS OUT OF.


UNAWARE THIS HAD HAPPENED, THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK NEVER HIT THE BRAKES. THE PRESSURE FROM THE SQUEEZING WAS ENOUGH TO...
...*WAIST* HIM! HA! GET IT? HE GOT *WAIST-ED*.

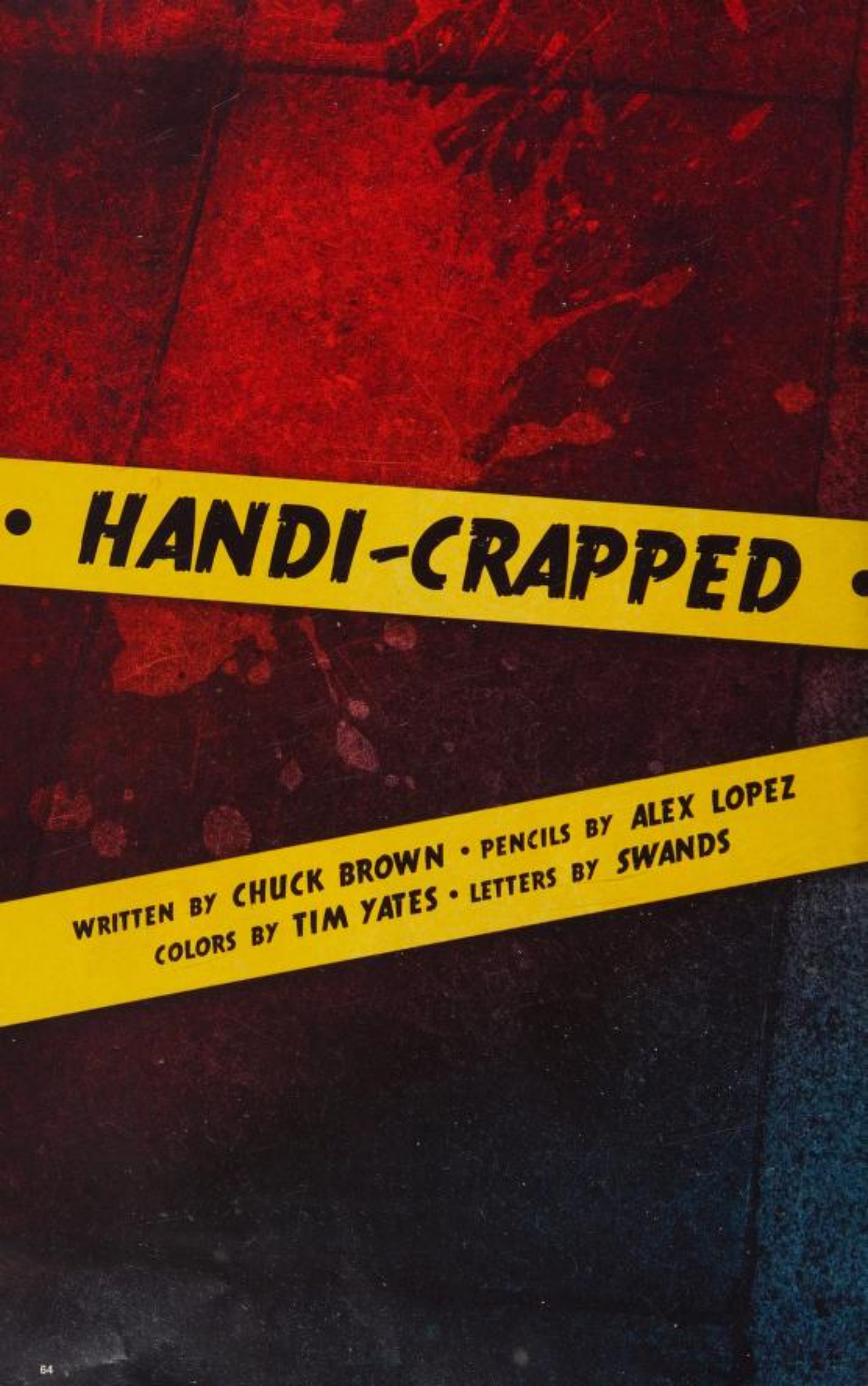

MOVING ON... THE SPINE IS A MERE *TWO* INCHES IN DIAMETER AT THE WAIST, AND IS THE ONLY BONE CONNECTING THE UPPER AND LOWER HALVES OF THE BODY.
YOU REALLY HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR.


THE VICTIM EXPERIENCED WHAT WE CALL A *TRANS-LUMBAR AMPUTATION*. HE WAS LITERALLY SLICED IN HALF BY A WIRE, THE WAY YOU WOULD CUT CHEESE WITH A CHEESE CUTTER.
THAT'S WHAT I JUST SAID.


SO I WAS THINKING...FOR LUNCH, WE COULD HAVE SOME *CHOP SUEY*.
VERY FUNNY. LEAVE THE HUMOR TO ME!


WHEN BAXTER WANTED TO GO SOMEWHERE IN A HURRY, HE PISSED ON A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE PROCESS.
HE THOUGHT HE WAS TAKING A SHORTCUT TO THE AIRPORT BY JACKING SOMEONE'S CAB...
BUT INSTEAD OF DRIVING OFF IN A TAXI...
HE JUST SPLIT.




• HANDI-CRAPPED •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY ALEX LOPEZ
COLORS BY TIM YATES • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: MALIBU, CA
DATE: JULY 19, 2010
THE BEACH IS A GREAT PLACE TO VISIT. IT'S GOOD FUN IN THE SUN.
YOU GET TO HEAR THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN PLAYING...
...TASTE THE MANY CHARCOAL GRILLED DELIGHTS...
HAIL TO THE CHEF
...AND SEE THE BEST SCENERY SUMMER HAS TO OFFER.


THE ONE THING THAT STINKS ABOUT THE BEACH...IS PARKING.
UNLESS YOU'RE HANK.
HELLO LADIES.
HANK WAS YOUR TYPICAL SURFER. HE WAS YOUNG AND PERFECTLY HEALTHY.
PARKING ONLY
YET HANK INSISTED ON PARKING IN THE HANDICAP SPACE.


HANK COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY NEEDED THE SPOTS.
LIKE PAT, FOR EXAMPLE.
PAT WAS IN VIETNAM.
HE HAD LOST HIS LEG FOR HIS COUNTRY. AND THE ONLY THING HE WAS ASKING FOR WAS A PLACE TO PARK.
POW-MIA
POW-MIA
California
ZNSC1KWD
SPK
TV


JEFF CHARLEBOIS
Disability Rights
Activist
PARKING ONLY
WHEN I SEE CARS WITHOUT HANDICAP PLATES OR STICKERS PARKED IN THESE SPOTS, IT'S VERY UPSETTING.
SOMETIMES, IF I'M ANGRY ENOUGH, I'LL LEAVE A LITTLE NOTE ON A VIOLATOR'S CAR.
ONLY
F*WD YOUR SPOT
WITH MY KEY!


WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!? YOU'RE NOT DISABLED!
PARKING ONLY
WHAT? YOU TALKING TO ME?
YEAH, I'M TALKING TO YOU. THERE ARE THOSE OF US WHO REALLY NEED THESE SPACES.
WHATEVER, OLD MAN. GO HOP BACK TO YOUR CAR.


HANK WASN'T JUST A JERK. HE WAS ALSO A COWARD. INSTEAD OF CONFRONTING PAT FACE TO FACE, HE MADE A QUICK EXIT.
THE END OF THE 12-FOOT BOARD HIT THE HANDICAP SIGN AND FORCED ITS FRONT EDGE...
...RIGHT INTO THE BACK OF HANK'S NECK.
CRACK
BUMMER, DUDE.


DID YOU KNOW I WAS A SURFER IN MY YOUTH?
EXIT
TOTALLY AWESOME. NOW WILL YOU STOP FOOLING AROUND IN HERE?
EXIT
SORRY DEBBIE DOWNER_ SO WHAT'S THE STORY?
HE WAS ILLEGALLY PARKED IN A HANDICAP SPOT AND DECIDED TO BACK OUT OF IT AT A PRETTY HIGH SPEED. HIS SURFBOARD HIT THE HANDICAP SIGN AND FORCED THE BOARD RIGHT INTO THE BACK OF HIS NECK.
HIS SPINAL COLUMN WAS SEVERED FROM HIS BRAIN STEM. THE BRAIN COULDN'T SEND ANY SIGNALS TO HIS VITAL ORGANS AND HE DIED IN SECONDS.
BAD KARMA.
HUH...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
EXIT
TO MOVE MY CAR.

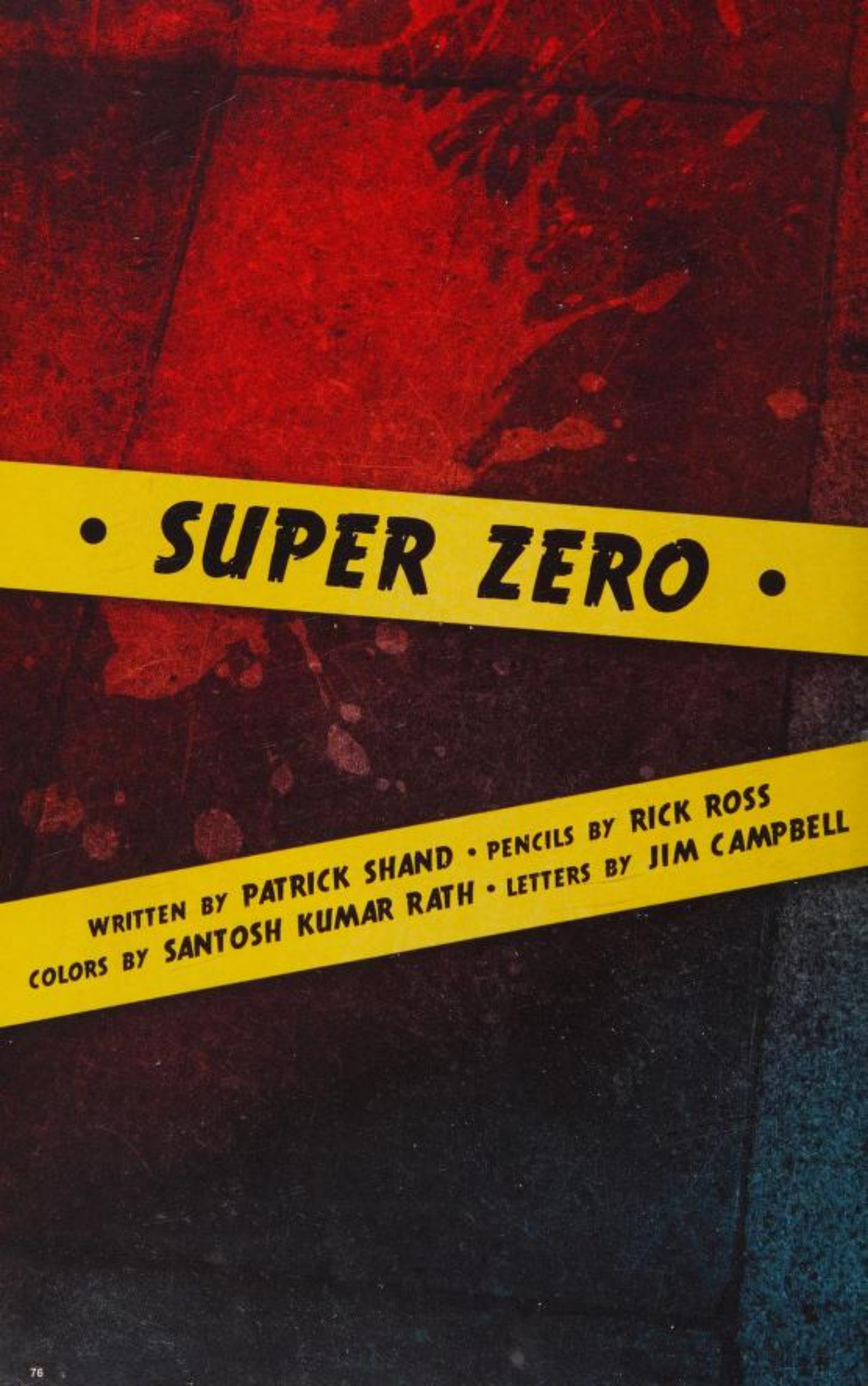

PARKING ONLY
HANK WOULD'VE RUN OVER HIS OWN GRANDMOTHER FOR A PARKING SPOT.
GO HOP BACK TO YOUR CAR!
NOW, INSTEAD OF HANGING TEN IN THE WATER...
...HE'S TAKING A NAP IN THE DIRT.


BACK AT THE MORGUE.
CITY MORGUE
FREIGHT ENTRANCE
PARKING
ONLY
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!? YOU'RE NOT DISABLED!
PARKING
ONLY
OH! I'M SO SORRY. I'M GONNA MOVE IT RIGHT NOW.
NO HARD FEELINGS?
NO HARD FEELINGS.



WAY TO DIE #212: HANOI-CRAPPED




• SUPER ZERO •
WRITTEN BY PATRICK SHAND • PENCILS BY RICK ROSS
COLORS BY SANTOSH KUMAR RATH • LETTERS BY JIM CAMPBELL


LOCATION: SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
DATE: JUNE, 1992
MUGGERS AND MURDERERS BEWARE... THERE'S A ONE-MAN CRIME-FIGHTING FORCE KEEPING THE PUBLIC SAFE FROM HARM.
WHO IS THIS MASKED CRUSADER?
IT'S ANDY, PART-TIME SUPERHERO AND FULL-TIME NERD. THIS DELUSIONAL IDIOT SPENDS SO MUCH TIME IN FANTASY LAND, HE THINKS HE CAN SLIP INTO A SILLY COSTUME...
...AND TAKE ON BAD GUYS.
YOU'VE BEEN WARNED, CRIMINALS! RED JUSTICE IS IN TOWN!


ALL YOU VILLAINS THAT GET ME PISSED...
BEWARE MY POWER... RED JUSTICE'S FIST!
ANDY -- OR SHOULD I SAY RED JUSTICE -- IS PART OF A RAPIDLY GROWING MOVEMENT OF CRAZED CITIZEN CRIME-STOPPERS.
THEY CALL THEMSELVES REAL-LIFE SUPERHEROES.
YEAH...
UNFORTUNATELY, I'M NOT KIDDING.


RED JUSTICE PATROLS THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF EVIL-DOERS.
JAYWALKER! CROSS AT THE GREEN, NOT IN-BETWEEN!
THE HAND OF JUSTICE IS SWIFT.
HEY!
BUT THESE CRIMES -- LIKE OUR HERO -- ARE VERY SMALL-TIME.
MI AMIGO... ALTO!
¿QUE?
SIR... DO YOU HAVE A VENDOR'S LICENSE TO SELL FRUIT?
NO ENGLISH.


@#?$!
YEAH, GET OUT OF HERE! YOU HEARD ME!
BUT WHAT'S RED JUSTICE SMELLING?
Sniff sniff
COULD THAT BE A WHIFF OF...
... DEMON WEED?

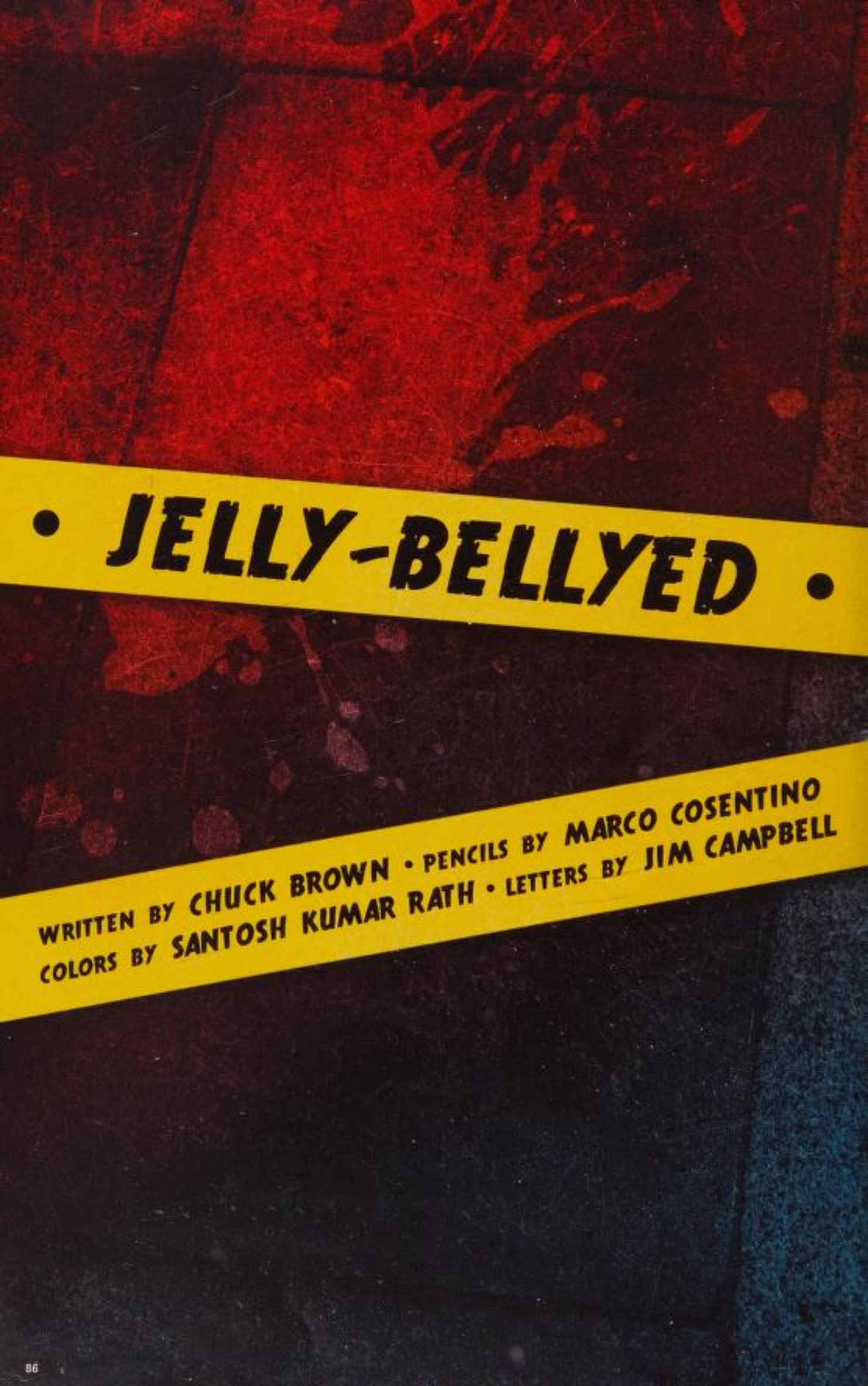

THIS IS A JOB FOR--
RED JUSTICE!
THE COMMUNITY CRUSADER! THE... erm... VILLAIN-STOPPING VIGILANTE! THE--
--THE MASKED MORON.
I AM RED JUSTICE, AND THIS ENDS NOW!
AHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!
YOOOO, CHECK OUT MY MAN'S PAJAMAS AND CAPE!


THIS IS NOT A GAME! PUT OUT THE ILLEGAL DRUGS AND DISPERSE IMMEDIATELY.
Also, stop laughing at me.


VILLAIN!
RED JUSTICE COUNTERS WITH A RIGHT CROSS OF HIS OWN.
TAKE THIS.
BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE DOESN'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO THROW A PUNCH.
OH, $#%*!
INSTEAD, HIS FEET GET CAUGHT IN HIS CAPE AND RED TAKES A TUMBLE OFF THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, MEETING ONE FORCE HE CAN'T DEFEAT...
...GRAVITY.


I MEAN... REALLY?
I THINK I CAN FIGURE THIS ONE OUT. HE FELL OFF A BUILDING.
YOU'RE ABOUT AS HILARIOUS AS THIS GUY IS SUPER.
AND HE WOULD'VE NEEDED POWERS TO SURVIVE THAT FALL.
FALLING FIVE STORIES ONTO A HARD, FLAT SURFACE? THE BODY SUFFERS MASSIVE TRAUMA.
IT CRUSHED HIS BONES, HIS SKULL... HIS LUNGS, HEART, AND SPLEEN RUPTURED.
I WONDER IF THERE WAS A SOUND EFFECT WHEN HE FELL. YOU KNOW, LIKE THE COMICS DO.
SPLAT!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY.
hehehehe
SNORT
FINE, IT'S A LITTLE FUNNY.


ANDY THOUGHT THAT IF YOU DRESS LIKE A SUPERHERO...
YOU ACTUALLY BECOME ONE.
BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME TO PUT HIS SUPER POWERS TO THE TEST...
RED JUSTICE JUST DIDN'T FLY.
WAY TO DIE #106: SUPER ZERO


• JELLY-BELLYED •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY MARCO COSENTINO
COLORS BY SANTOSH KUMAR RATH • LETTERS BY JIM CAMPBELL


LOCATION: CAIRNS, AUSTRALIA
DATE: JANUARY 18, 2004
THIS PRETTY YOUNG THING IS DYING ON THE BEACH, AND NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE. WHY? 'CAUSE IT'S HER OWN DAMN FAULT.
HER NAME WAS SHIRLEY AND SHE WAS TOURING AUSTRALIA WITH A GROUP OF AMERICAN STUDENTS.
BY THE TIME THE STUDENTS HIT THE AUSTRALIAN BEACHES ON THE TOUR'S LAST DAY, EVERYONE WAS SICK OF SHIRLEY.
HER BEHAVIOR WAS DOWNRIGHT MORONIC AND MEAN-SPIRITED.


MAYBE IT WAS HER WAY OF ACTING OUT FOR BEING TEASED WHEN SHE WAS YOUNGER.
SHE HADN'T ALWAYS BEEN THIS HOT.
SHE USED TO BE A PIMPLE-FACED, BUCKTOOTHED GEEK.
NOW, SHE WAS SEXY ENOUGH TO CUT IN ON OTHER GIRLS' GUYS.


SHARK! SHARK!
OH, MY GOD, SHARK!
SHE WAS ALSO DRIVING EVERYONE CRAZY WITH HER OWN SPECIAL VERSION OF "CRY WOLF."
OH, NO!
HURRY-- WE HAVE TO HELP!
HELP! HELP!
JUST KIDDING!
WHAT?!
KIDDING?


AFTER SHE HAD HER FUN SHE DECIDED TO GO FOR A LONG SWIM.

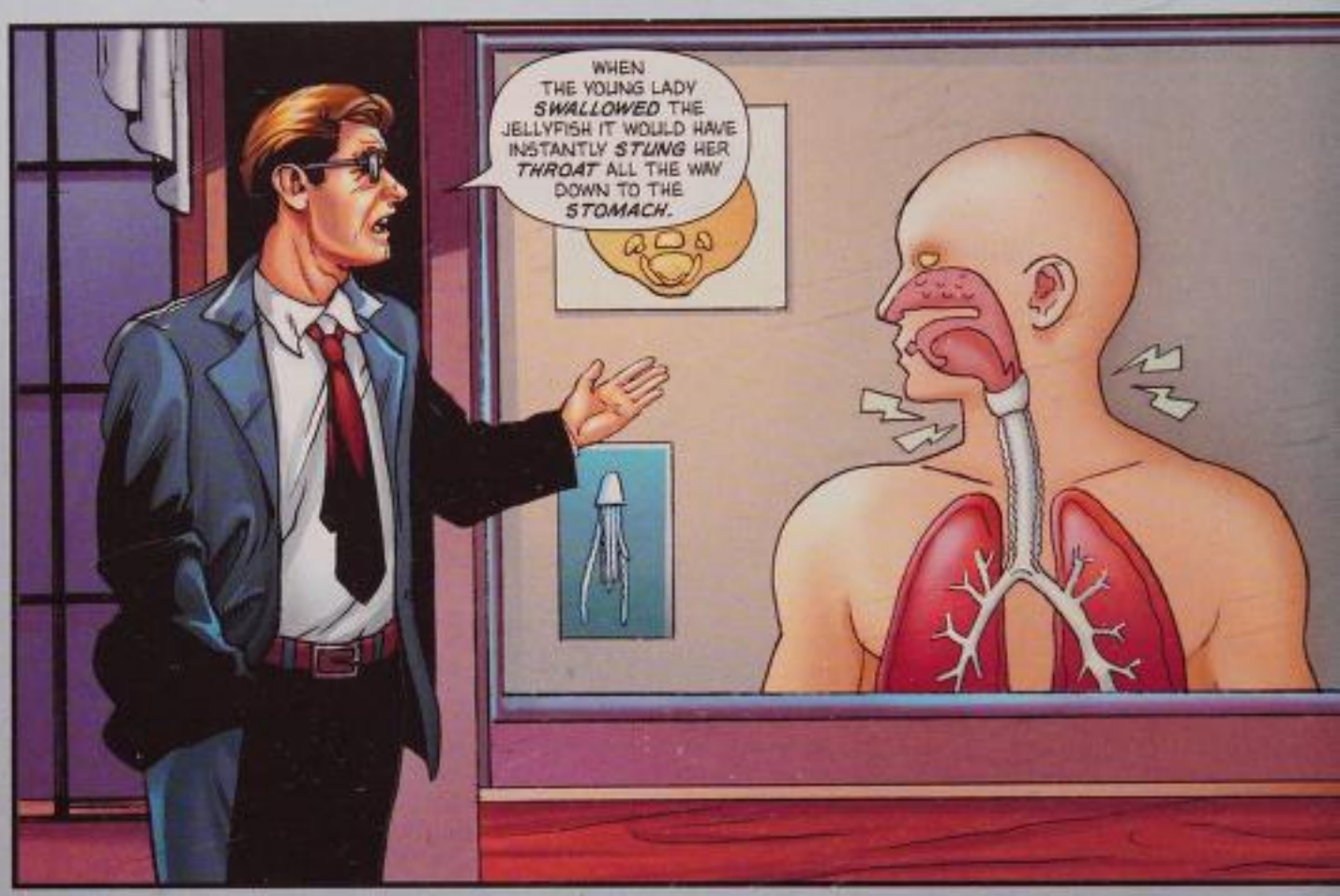

WHILE UNDERWATER, SHE GOT AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.


GASP.
KOFF.
KOFF.
AHCKKK.
HELP!


JULES SYLVESTER, WILDLIFE EXPERT.
THE IRACONGI JELLYFISH -- THAT'S AN IMPRESSIVE LITTLE BEAST.
ITS TOXIN IS A NEUROTOXIN, MEANING IT AFFECTS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. SO ITS STING IS VERY PAINFUL. I'M TALKING ZAP!


WHEN SHE STAGGERED BACK ONTO THE BEACH IT JUST LOOKED LIKE ANOTHER ONE OF HER STUPID PRANKS. BUT THE JOKE WAS ON HER.


SHIRLEY WAS GOING DOWN -- DOWN UNDER.


WHEN THE YOUNG LADY SWALLOWED THE JELLYFISH IT WOULD HAVE INSTANTLY STUNG HER THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE STOMACH.


THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE SWIM AND PLAY IN OUR OCEANS.

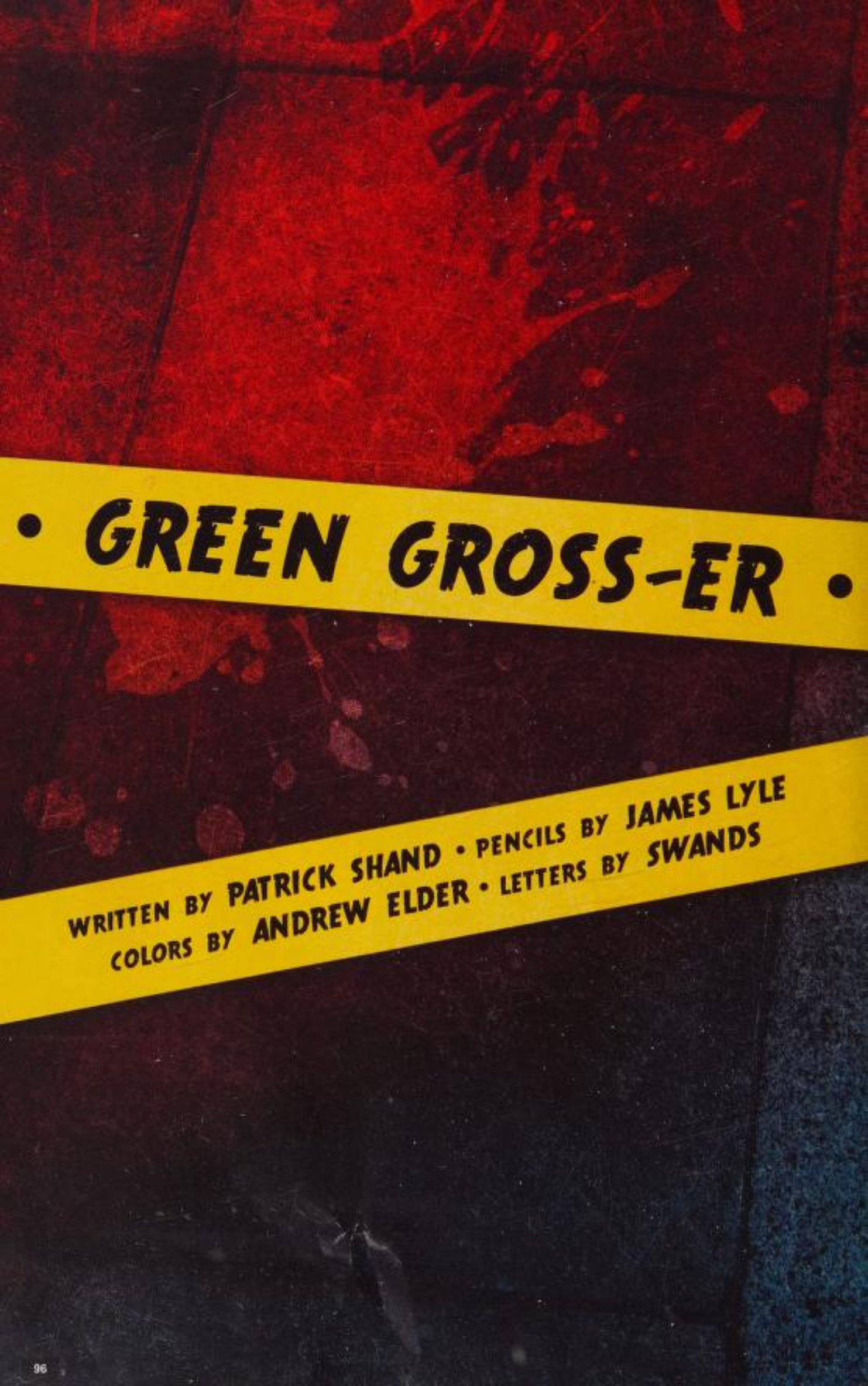

YOU THINK MOST PEOPLE WOULD WORRY ABOUT SHARKS BEING THE MOST COMMON DANGER -- BUT IT'S REALLY THE EXTREMELY PAINFUL AND SOMETIMES DEADLY STING OF THE JELLYFISH.


IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN STUNG BY A JELLYFISH, JUST IMAGINE WHAT SHIRLEY WENT THROUGH.


I TAKE IT SHE DROWNED.
WRONG. YOU DID SAY YOU WERE A POLICE DETECTIVE, RIGHT?
OK, SMART-ASS -- IF SHE DIDN'T SWALLOW SEAWATER AND SUFFOCATE, THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
SHE DIDN'T SWALLOW WATER. SHE SWALLOWED A JELLYFISH.
IT STUNG HER AS IT TRAVELED DOWN TO HER STOMACH. HER THROAT SWELLED UP, HER LUNGS FILLED WITH FLUID AND SHE DIED.
COULD YOU FINISH UP? DEATH DOESN'T SLEEP, SO NEITHER CAN I.


INSTEAD OF BEING AN OBNOXIOUS JERK...
AND SCREAMING...
SHARK! SHARK!
...SHIRLEY SHOULD HAVE KEPT HER BIG MOUTH SHUT.
WAY TO DIE #389: JELLY-BELLYED




• GREEN GROSS-ER •
WRITTEN BY PATRICK SHAND • PENCILS BY JAMES LYLE
COLORS BY ANDREW ELDER • LETTERS BY SWANDS


THERE ARE BARGAIN HUNTERS...
GREEN GROSS-ER
EXIT
LOCATION: DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DATE: APRIL, 1998
SERVICE
...AND THEN RE'S BEATRICE, HE SHOPPER FROM HELL.
I'D LIKE TO MAKE A RETURN.
SHE WOULD BUY HER GROCERIES... ONLY TO RETURN THEM A WEEK LATER.
MA'AM... THESE HAVE OBVIOUSLY BEEN USED.
PRINTED TEES $10
Jimmy
OTTEO
BUTTER
THEY WERE THAT WAY WHEN I GOT THEM!


BEATRICE BULLIED HER WAY TO UNBEATABLE PRICES.
GET OUT OF MY WAY! MOVE!
--HEY!
SALE!
DISCOUNT
SALE
UNH!
...SERIOUSLY?
YANK!
OOOOH, I LIKE THIS COLOR!
PRICE? FREE!


SHE ALWAYS HAD GOOD TASTE...
YEICK.
...FROM FROZEN GOODS TO FRUITS...
...BUT WHAT SHE REALLY NEEDED AT HOME WAS SOME MEAT.
MEAT
WHAT THE--!?
HELLO I'M HECTOR
I DON'T WANT IT. IT SMELLS BAD.
FREAKIN' LADY!


ONCE SHE FOUND EVERYTHING SHE NEEDED...
DOUCHE KIT
BITCH.
MOVE IT! COMING THROUGH.
I WAS RIGHT HERE. I JUST LEFT THE LINE FOR A SECOND.
SHE BULLIED HER WAY THROUGH THE CHECKOUT LINE.


CUSTOMER SERVICE
EVERY TIME SHE WENT SHOPPING, BEATRICE WAS A TICKING TIME BOMB.
MA'AM, THESE COUPONS ARE FROM LAST YEAR.
Hi, I'm Jimmy
AND WITH THE STORE NOT ACCEPTING HER EXPIRED COUPONS...
THAT'S BULL! JUST SCAN THEM THROUGH, PUT MY CHECK IN, AND YOU'RE DONE. DOESN'T REALLY TAKE A GENIUS TO DO THAT.
WE DON'T TAKE CHECKS, MA'AM.
...BEATRICE WAS READY TO EXPLODE.
OH MY GOD, WHY IS THE SERVICE HERE SO TERRIBLE! I'M A LOYAL CUSTOMER! JUST TAKE MY CHECK!
FINE. FINE!
I'LL APPROVE IT. WHATEVER.
...JUST GET THIS BITCH OUT OF HERE
PAINTED TEES


WHA--?
VRRRRRR
KRRAAAAK!

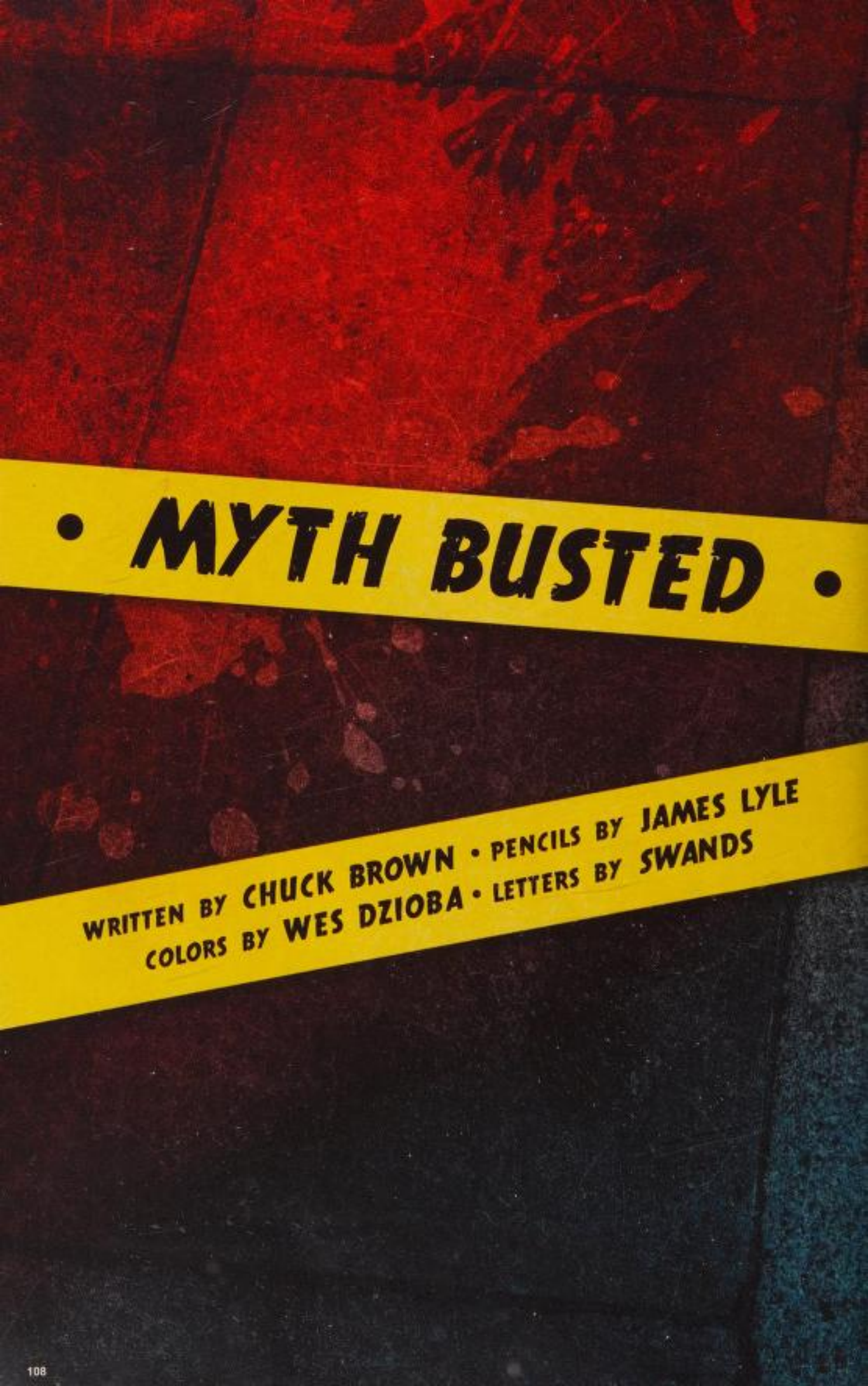

SOMEBODY CALL 911!
UGH, GROSS, DUDE!
8


SO WAS IT THE TRAUMA TO THE HEAD?
NO, NO... THIS WOMAN'S SCARF WAS PULLED INTO THE ROTATING CHECKOUT TABLE. THE CONVEYER MECHANISM CINCHED IT TIGHTLY AROUND HER NECK, CUTTING OFF BLOOD FLOW TO THE BRAIN.
SAVE
SHE WAS STRANGLED TO DEATH WITHIN SECONDS.
DAMN. I WAS GONNA TAKE THESE, BUT THEY EXPIRED LIKE A YEAR AGO! CRAZY LADY...
REALLY? A LADY DIES AND YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT EXPIRED COUPONS?
WHAT? WHO DOESN'T LIKE TO SAVE?


BEATRICE THOUGHT IT WAS OKAY TO STEAL..
...CUT THE LINE...
...AND BREAK THE RULES.
OH WELL.
LOOKS LIKE BEATRICE GOT WHAT SHE PAID FOR.


WAY TO DIE #330: GREEN GROSS-ER
SERVICE
REST ROOMS
CAN I TAKE MY BREAK, DUDE?




• MYTH BUSTED •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY JAMES LYLE
COLORS BY WES DZIOBA • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: PIERCE COUNTY, WA
DATE: MAY 3, 2006
THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST IS FILLED WITH DANGEROUS PREDATORS.


IN THESE WOODS YOU NEVER KNOW *WHAT* YOU MIGHT RUN INTO.


WHILE OUT FOR A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS, THIS WOMAN FEELS SOMETHING WATCHING HER.


SHE FEELS LIKE A T-BONE STEAK SMOTHERED IN ONIONS AND STEAK SAUCE.


THAT'S BECAUSE THE MOST NOTORIOUS PREDATOR OF LEGEND WAS STALKING HER.
NOT A BEAR...
AAA!EEE!!
...OR A MOUNTAIN LION.
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!
NO, IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE LEGENDARY SASQUATCH.


THE WOMAN SOUGHT OUT A PARK RANGER.
RANGER STATION
THERE'S SOME KIND OF MAN-APE IN THESE WOODS!
AND THIS PARTICULAR RANGER WAS A BIGFOOT BELIEVER.
THE WOMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF HER STALKER FIT EVERY PROFILE HE'D EVER READ ABOUT BIGFOOT.

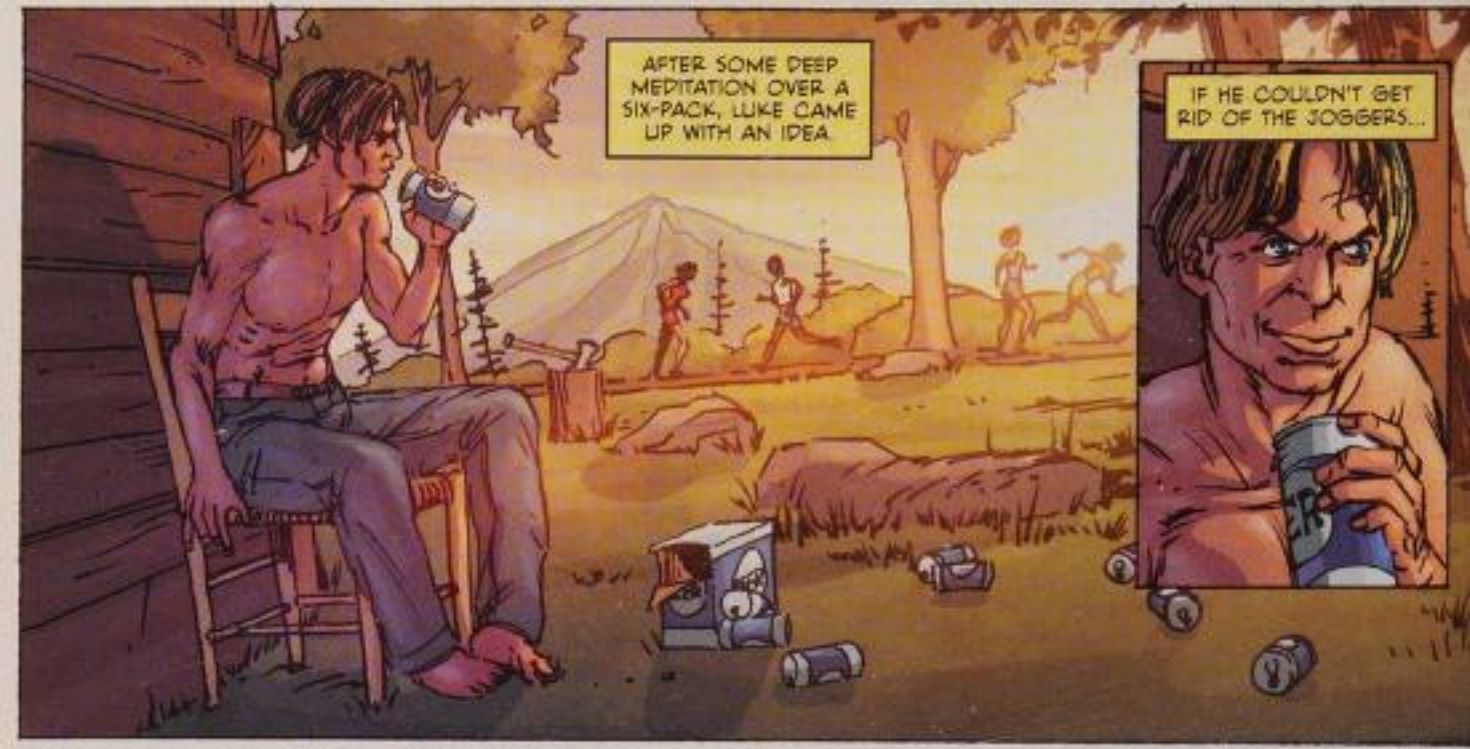

THE RANGER THOUGHT THAT IF HE COULD SNAG BIGFOOT, HE WOULD BECOME FAMOUS.
SO WHEN HE RAN INTO IT HEAD-ON, HE DIDN'T HESITATE.
BANG


OUCH!


BIGFOOT WOULDN'T SAY OUCH, THE RANGER THOUGHT.


MEET BIGFOOT-- OR SHOULD WE SAY, BIG FOOL.


HIS NAME WAS LUKE WIGGINS...
LUKE WAS AN ANGRY RECLUSE WHO HATED PEOPLE.
HE MOVED TO A REMOTE CABIN IN THE WOODS TO GET AWAY FROM THEM.
BUT OVER TIME, LUKE FOUND HIMSELF LIVING NEXT TO A POPULAR JOGGING TRAIL.
DAMN JOGGERS!


AFTER SOME DEEP MEDITATION OVER A SIX-PACK, LUKE CAME UP WITH AN IDEA.
IF HE COULDN'T GET RID OF THE JOGGERS...


...THEN BIGFOOT WOULD.


BUT HE HADN'T BET ON THE RANGER...
...OR THE RANGER'S MASSIVE TRANQUILIZER GUN.


SO WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
OK, I'LL TAKE 'EM OFF. JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.
THE GUY WAS PRETENDING TO BE BIGFOOT. A RANGER TAGGED HIM WITH A DART FILLED WITH ATROPINE, WHICH CAUSED COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF HIS BODILY FUNCTIONS.
ATROPINE IS A TRANQUILIZER MEANT TO BRING DOWN ELEPHANTS AND BEARS. IT'S 3000 TIMES MORE POTENT THAN MORPHINE, AND TOXIC TO HUMANS.
TRAGIC. CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
NO, YOU CAN'T HAVE THE SUIT.


LUKE HATED PRETTY MUCH ANYONE WHO CAME NEAR HIS PROPERTY.


SO HE THOUGHT HE COULD SCARE THEM OFF WITH HIS COSTUME.

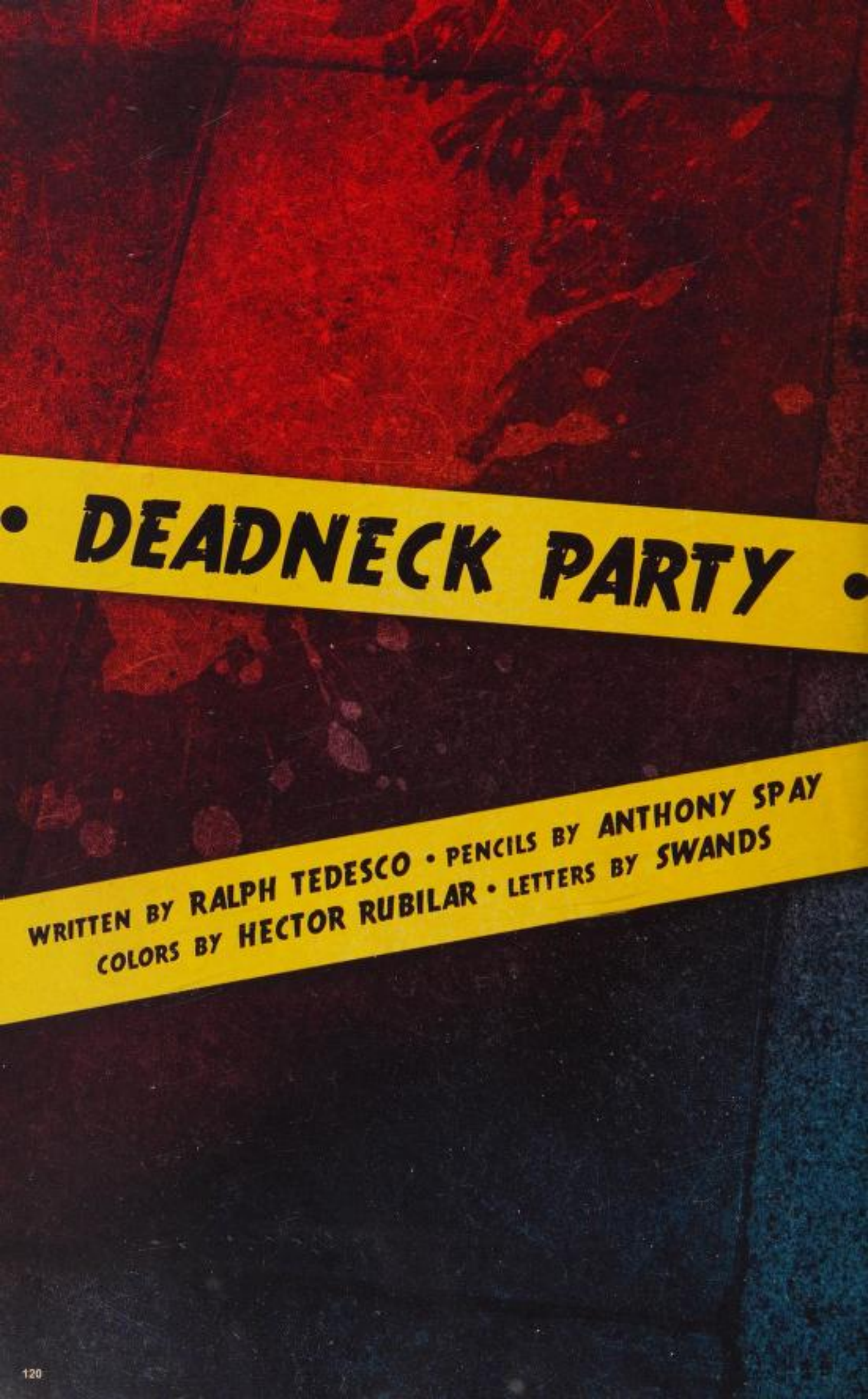

BUT INSTEAD HE TOOK A DART FULL OF LETHAL DRUGS RIGHT TO THE CHEST...


BULLSEYE.


SEVERAL MONTHS LATER.
THIS IS STUPID. THERE AIN'T NOTHING OUT HERE, MAT. WE'VE ONLY SHOT AT SQUIRRELS AND SHADOWS ALL WEEKEND.


IT'S NOT STUPID, KYLE! THERE'S SOMETHING OUT HERE. I CAN FEEL IT. SOMEBODY SHOT AND KILLED A BIGFOOT IN THESE WOODS JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO.
DUDE. THAT WAS A MAN IN A SUIT.
NO, IT WASN'T!
WELL, I HEARD THERE'S A WHOLE TRIBE OF THEM LURKING AROUND KILLING PEOPLE THAT GET TOO CLOSE TO THEIR LAIR.
45 CAL
OUR FIRE IS ABOUT TO DIE OUT FROM ALL THIS RAIN.
TO MANY DAMNED HOLES IN THIS TARP!
DAMN IT, SOMEBODY LIGHT A FLARE.
AAAAHHHHHH!!!
RAAAAHHHHH!!




• DEADNECK PARTY •
WRITTEN BY RALPH TEDESCO • PENCILS BY ANTHONY SPAY
COLORS BY HECTOR RUBILAR • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
DATE: NOVEMBER, 2008
WELCOME TO A REDNECK THANKSGIVING... WELL, NOT A REAL ONE.

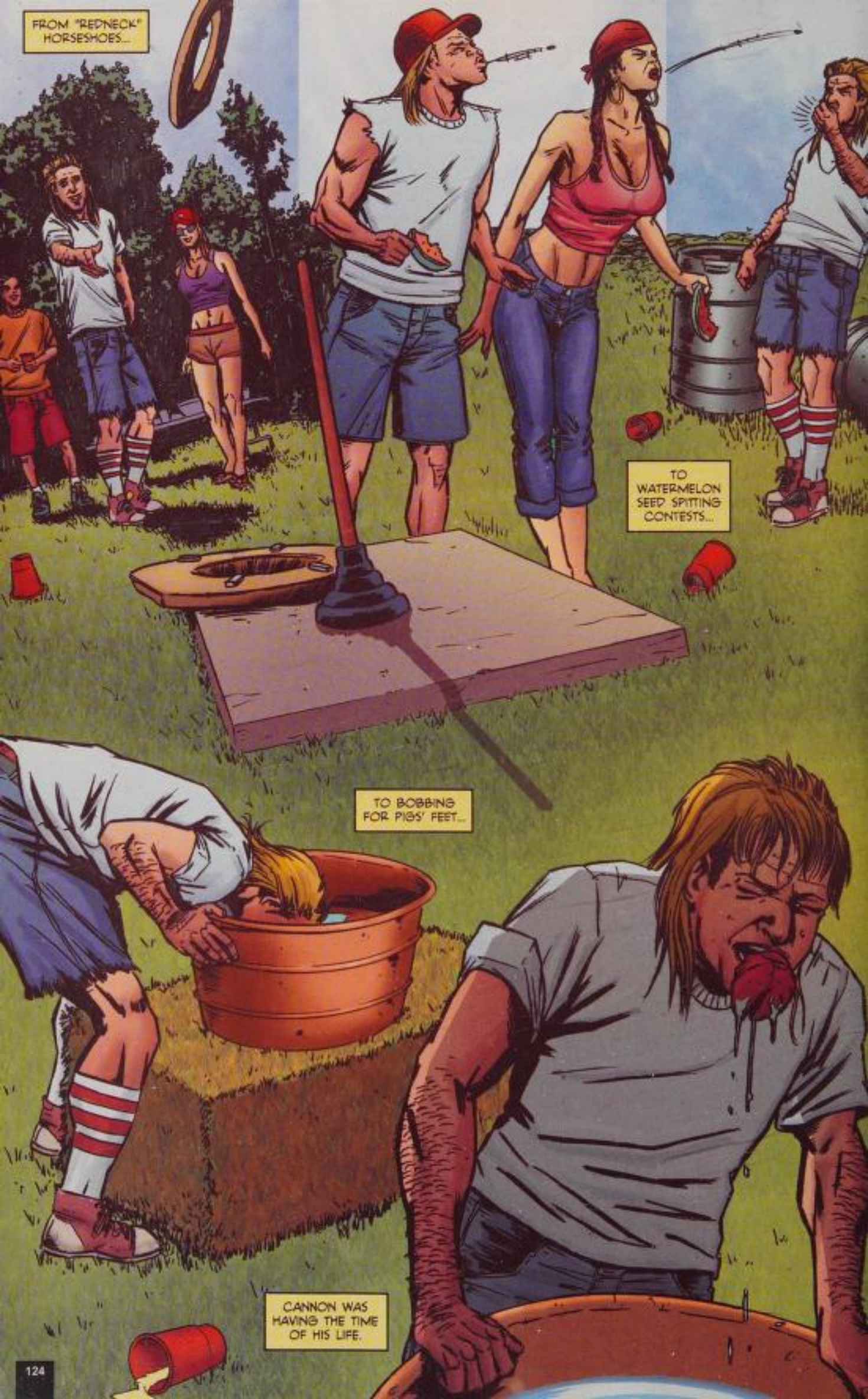

IT'S THE BRAIN-CHILD OF MULLET MAN OVER HERE... OTHERWISE KNOWN AS CANNON.
REDNECK PARTY!


DRINK UP BITCHES! ALL THE ALCOHOL IS BEING SPONSORED BY MY CLUELESS PARENTS!
CANNON WAS A RICH COLLEGE BRAT WHO LOVED TO PARTY AT HIS PARENT'S PAD.


MOTORBOAT!

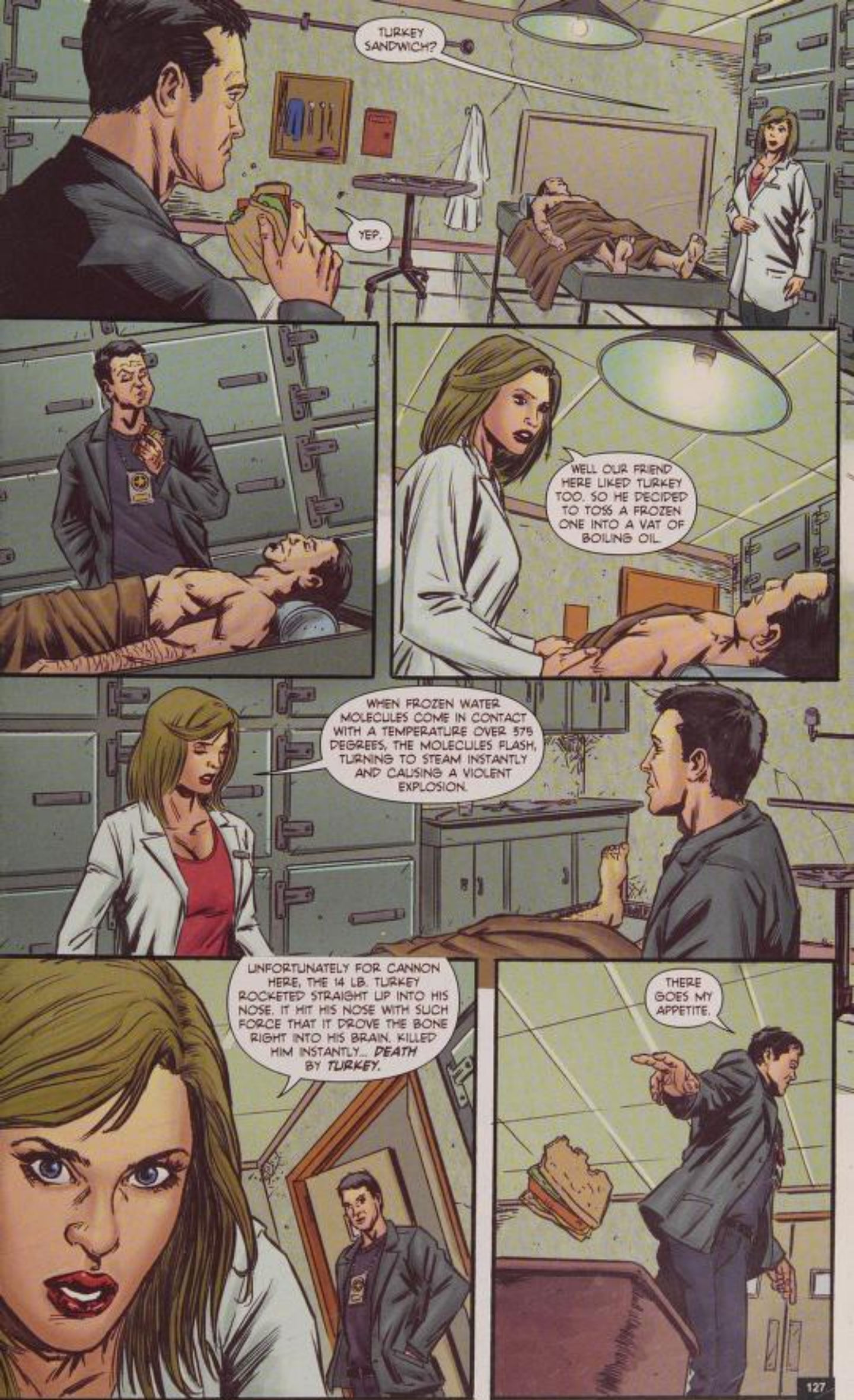

AND THIS PARTY HAD A GUEST OF HONOR. CANNON'S COUSIN JOE FROM ALABAMA.


EVERYONE, THIS IS MY COUSIN JOE... HE'S A GOOD 'OLE BOY FROM DUH-DUH-DOWN SOUTH.
BUT JOE WAS NO COUNTRY BUMPKIN. IN FACT, JOE WAS A DOUBLE MAJOR IN PHYSICS AND ENGLISH LITERATURE... AND IT WAS CANNON WHO WAS THE DUH-DUH-DUMBASS.
HE'S FROM REAL REDNECK COUNTRY.
JUST HAVING SOME FUN WITH YOU, JOE. LIGHTEN UP.
I GOT REDNECK HOTTIES EVERYWHERE. AND I GOT PLENTY OF GAMES PLANNED THAT ARE GONNA MAKE YOU FEEL RIGHT AT HOME.


FROM "REDNECK" HORSESHOES...
TO WATERMELON SEED SPITTING CONTESTS...
TO BOBBING FOR PIGS' FEET...
CANNON WAS HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE.


EVERYBODY! LET'S EAT!
GOTTA LOVE DEEP-FRIED TURKEY!
IT WAS TIME FOR CANNON TO BRING OUT THE PARTY'S MAIN COURSE. SO HE DECIDED THAT TOSSING A TURKEY INTO A LARGE DEEP-FRYER, WHICH HE RENTED FOR THE OCCASION, WAS THE QUICKEST AND EASIEST WAY TO GO.
AND HE WAS SORT OF RIGHT... IT **WAS** A QUICK WAY TO GO.


SMASH!
THUMP!


TURKEY SANDWICH?
YEP.
WELL OUR FRIEND HERE LIKED TURKEY TOO. SO HE DECIDED TO TOSS A FROZEN ONE INTO A VAT OF BOILING OIL.
WHEN FROZEN WATER MOLECULES COME IN CONTACT WITH A TEMPERATURE OVER 575 DEGREES, THE MOLECULES FLASH, TURNING TO STEAM INSTANTLY AND CAUSING A VIOLENT EXPLOSION.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR CANNON HERE, THE 14 LB. TURKEY ROCKETED STRAIGHT UP INTO HIS NOSE. IT HIT HIS NOSE WITH SUCH FORCE THAT IT DROVE THE BONE RIGHT INTO HIS BRAIN. KILLED HIM INSTANTLY... DEATH BY TURKEY.
THERE GOES MY APPETITE.




# WAY TO DIE #280: DEADNECK PARTY




• PUMPKIN DIE •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY SHAMUS BEYALE
COLORS BY RAMON IGNACIO BUNGE • LETTERS BY BERNIE LEE


LOCATION: MOORPARK, CA
DATE: OCTOBER 12, 2007
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WHEN FALL ROLLS AROUND?
THANKSGIVING, FALL FOLIAGE...
...AND OF COURSE...
...PUMPKIN CHUNKING.
DWAYNE AND HIS BOYS LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO TAKE EXCESS PUMPKINS FROM DWAYNE'S PUMPKIN PATCH AND FIRE THEM FROM HIS HOMEMADE LAUNCHER.


CHRIS WEISBART
DIY TECHNOLOGY EXPERT
A PUMPKIN CANNON CONSISTS OF A LARGE BARREL WHICH IS POWERED BY AN EXPANDING GAS IN ORDER TO LAUNCH THE PUMPKIN FAR AND FAST.


HIGHLY FLAMMABLE
HIGHLY FLAMMABLE
AND THESE GUYS WERE USING A HIGHLY FLAMMABLE GAS IN ORDER TO GAIN OPTIMUM LAUNCH CAPACITY.


"THEY WOULD THEN IGNITE THE GAS..."


...CAUSING IT TO EXPLOSIVELY EXPAND DOWN THE BARREL, PUSHING ANYTHING IN FRONT OF IT AT SUPER-HIGH VELOCITY.


YOU'RE PUSHING A -POUND PUMPKIN ABOUT 100 MILES ER HOUR FOR UP TO A MILE. SO ANYTHING IT HITS....
...WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED.




DWAYNE AND HIS REDNECK FRIENDS WERE TOO DRUNK TO NOTICE A GUY IN HIS FIELD STEALING HIS PUMPKINS.


HIS NAME WAS LUTHER, A LOW-LIFE FROM THE NEXT COUNTY OVER.


LUTHER WASN'T NEW TO THE PUMPKIN PILFERING GAME.

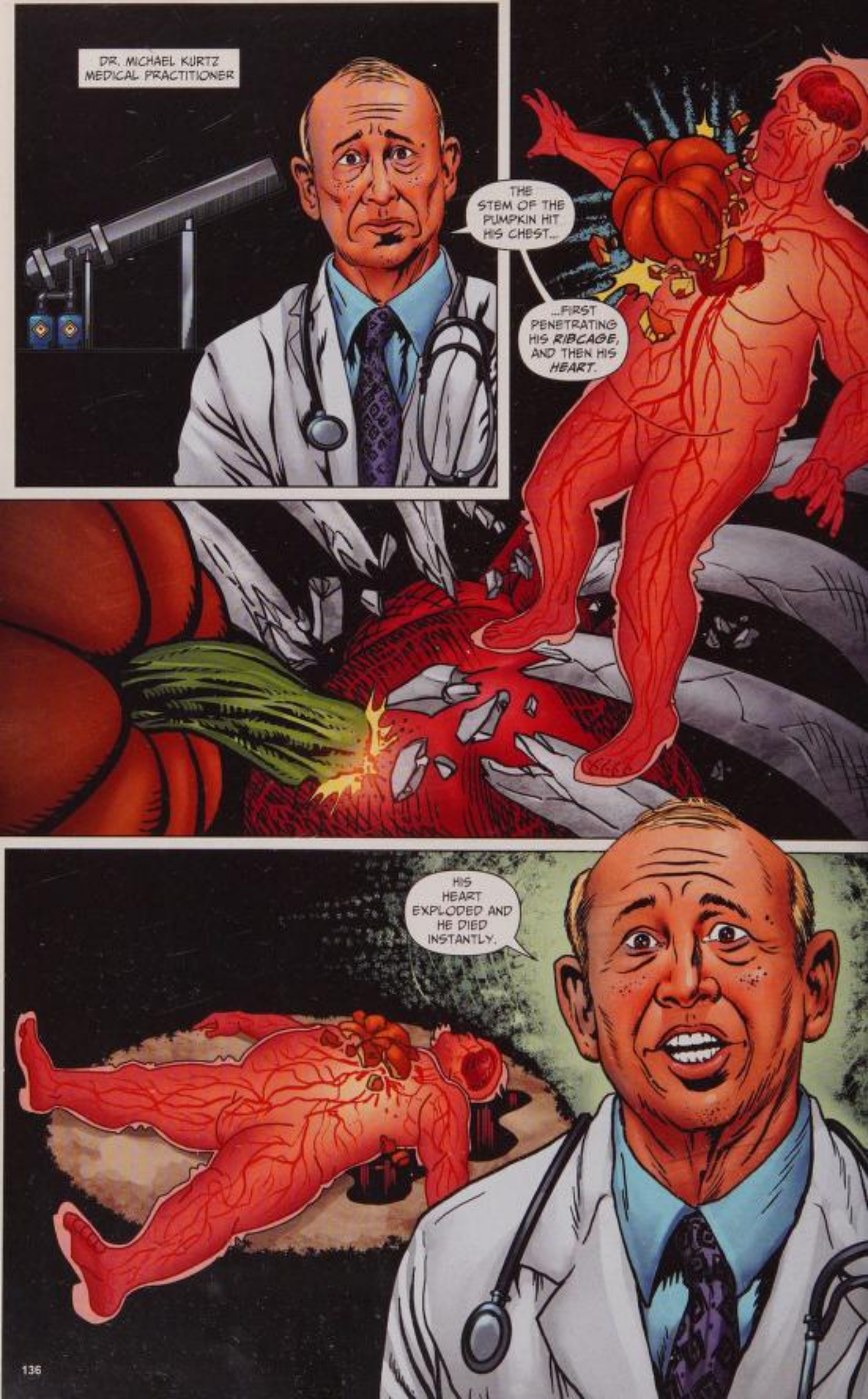

EVERY YEAR LUTHER WOULD MAKE SOME EXTRA CASH BY STEALING FROM NEIGHBORING PUMPKIN PATCHES.
NO TRESPASSING


AND EVERY YEAR HE WOULD CREATE HIS OWN FAKE PUMPKIN PATCH.
HE WOULD THEN SELL THE STOLEN PUMPKINS TO UNSUSPECTING CUSTOMERS.
LUTHER'S PUMPKIN PATCH


THAT'LL BE TWENTY BUCKS.



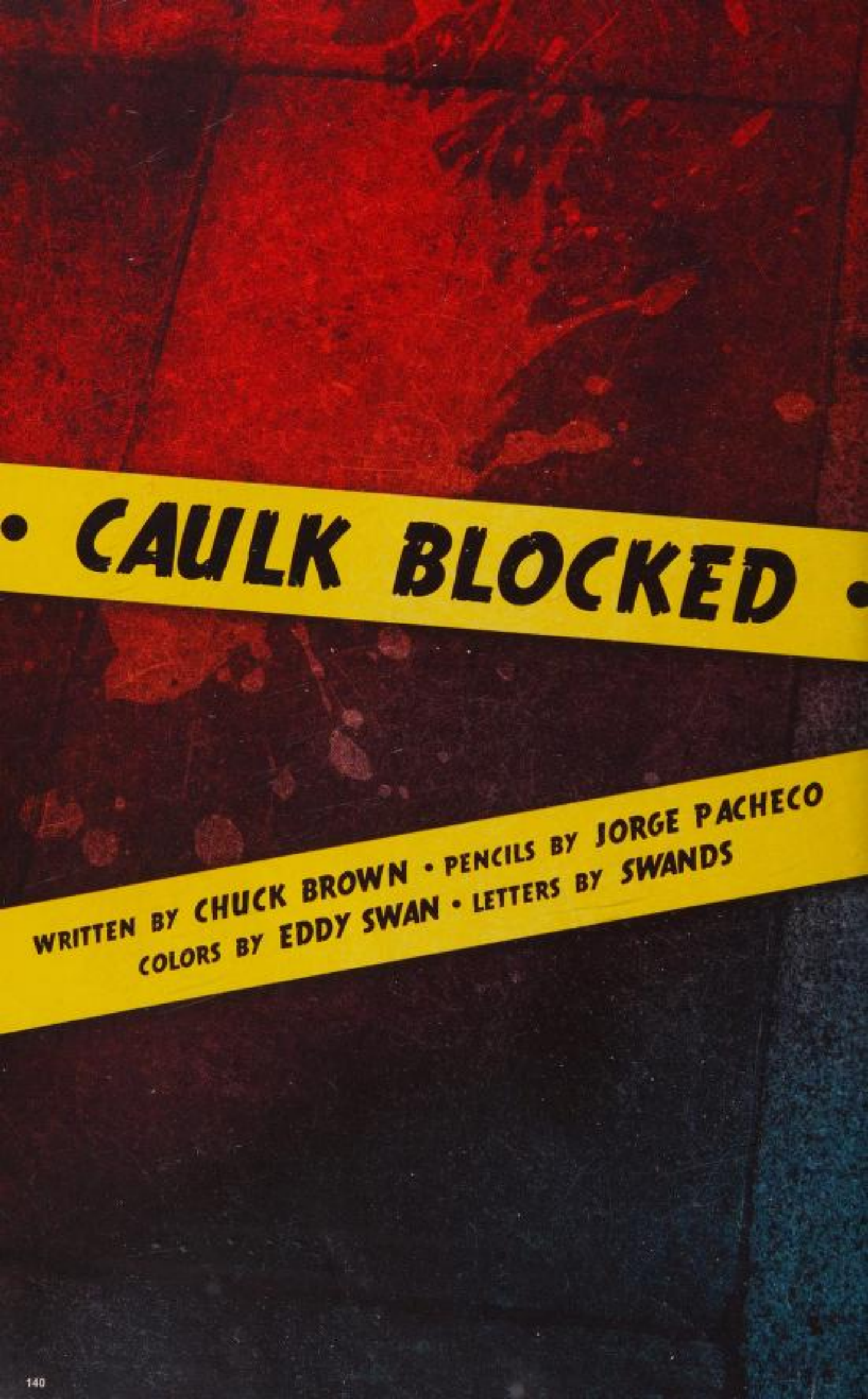

BUT THIS TIME LUTHER PICKED THE WRONG PATCH TO STEAL FROM.
DWAYNE AND THE BOYS WERE SHOOTING THE BIGGEST PUMPKINS THEY COULD FIND THAT NIGHT.
BA'DOOM
LUTHER STOOD TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE AND...
...TOOK A PUMPKIN TO THE HEART.


DR. MICHAEL KURTZ
MEDICAL PRACTITIONER
THE STEM OF THE PUMPKIN HIT HIS CHEST...
...FIRST PENETRATING HIS RIBCAGE, AND THEN HIS HEART.
HIS HEART EXPLODED AND HE DIED INSTANTLY.


QUICK! WHAT FIRST COMES TO MIND WHEN YOU THINK OF PUMPKINS...
...HALLOWEEN OR PIE?
I THINK THAT PUMPKIN AS GOING A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR WHEN IT HIT HIS CHEST.
AHH, YOU'RE NO FUN.


DWAYNE AND HIS FRIENDS WERE JUST A BUNCH OF GOOD OLE BOYS LOOKING FOR A FEW YUCKS.
LUTHER WAS A LOW LIFE THIEF LOOKING TO MAKE SOME EXTRA CASH...
HE WAS COLLECTING MONEY HAND OVER FIST...
BUT IT WAS THE PUMPKIN THAT MADE A KILLING.
WAY TO DIE #870
PUMPKIN DIE




• CAULK BLOCKED •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY JORGE PACHECO
COLORS BY EDDY SWAN • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: NEW YORK, NY
DATE: APRIL 25, 1998
JUST GET IT AS BIG AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN.
TINA ISN'T TALKING TO HER LOVER. SHE'S TALKING TO THIS PHONY PLASTIC SURGEON.
SHE WANTS HIM TO GIVE HER THE MOTHER OF ALL RUMPS.
WHY?


SHE'S DOING IT TO CATCH THE ATTENTION OF A CERTAIN RAPPER.
HIS NAME IS LIL RON. HE HAD A SERIES OF HITS BASED AROUND ONE OBSESSION...
BUTTS! LIL RON SONGS ARE ABOUT BUTTS OF ALL SHAPES. HE COMPOSED FLOWS AND RHYMES ABOUT APPLE-, PEACH-, MELON- AND HEART-SHAPED BEHINDS.
TINA HAD ALREADY MADE AN ATTEMPT TO CATCH LIL RON'S ATTENTION BUT FAILED.


OH, NO! YOU NEED TO TAKE THAT SOMEWHERE ELSE.
YOU DON'T GOT NOTHING ON THIS, SWEETIE.
IF YOU WEREN'T CERTIFIED GRADE "A-S-S," LIL RON WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A SECOND LOOK.
WHICH MEANT THAT TINA WAS OUT OF LUCK.
BUT TINA DIDN'T JUST WANT A DANCE. SHE HAD AN ALTERNATIVE MOTIVE. SHE WAS A SONGWRITER AND WANTED LIL RON TO LISTEN TO HER SONG "CHEEK FREAK".


THAT'S WHY TINA IS IN THIS SHABBY HOTEL.
SHE'S HAVING HER GLUTEUS MAXIMIZED WITH SILICONE INJECTIONS.
URHHH!
SHE WAS A SUBURBAN MIDDLE CLASS WHITE GIRL.
BUT SHE DESPERATELY WANTED TO BE ACCEPTED INTO THE BLACK HIP-HOP COMMUNITY.


UNFORTUNATELY FOR TINA, HER PLASTIC SURGEON *WASN'T* A SURGEON AT ALL.
HE WAS A PHONY.
HE WASN'T INJECTING SILICONE INTO HIS PATIENT'S REAR END. INSTEAD, HE WAS USING SOMETHING THAT COULD BE FOUND ON THE SHELF OF ANY HARDWARE SHOP...
BUT TINA DIDN'T NOTICE. SHE JUST GOT THE UPGRADE SHE HAD ALWAYS WANTED—AND SHE WAS READY TO HIT THE TOWN.

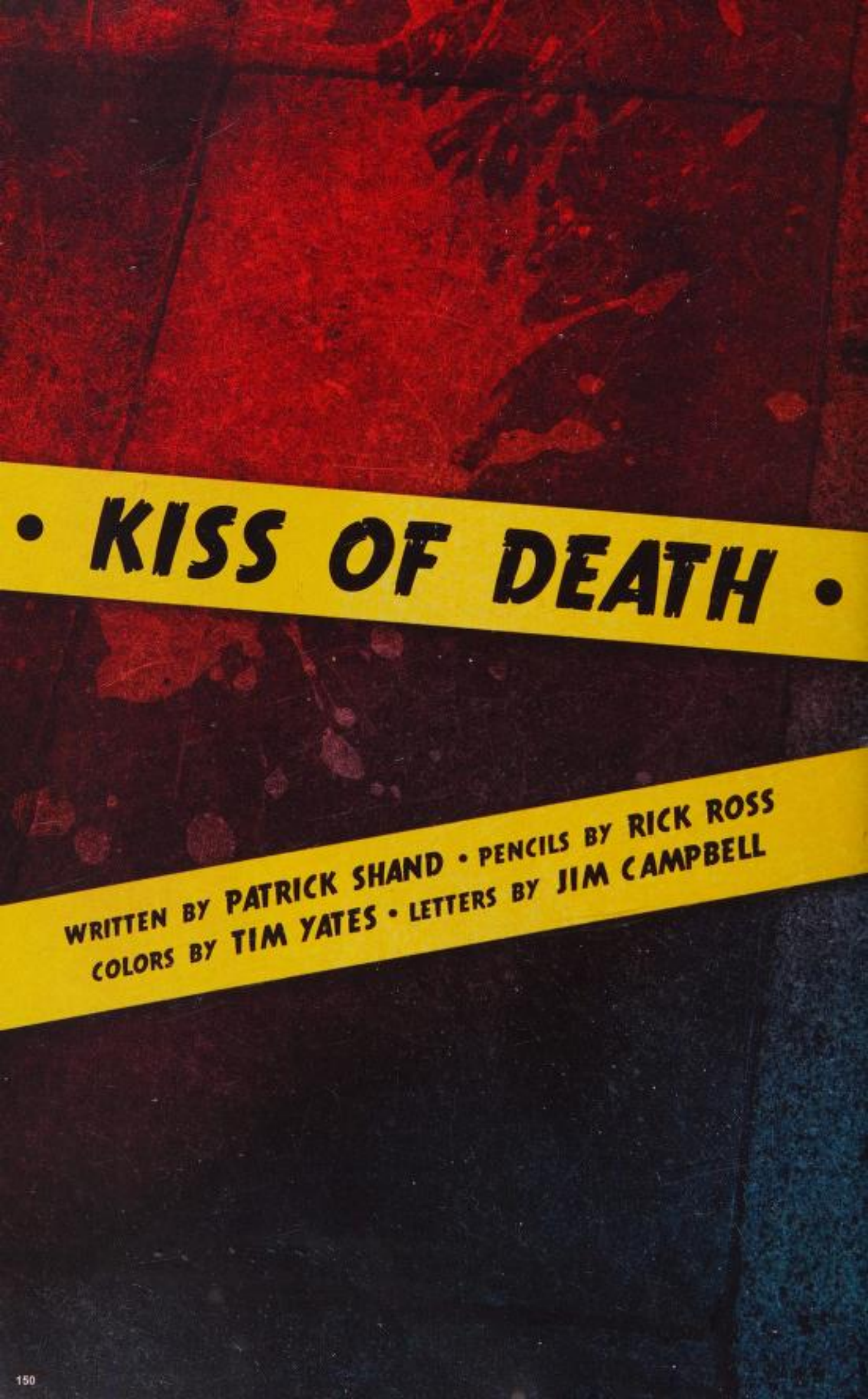

LATER THAT NIGHT TINA WENT BACK TO THE CLUB TO LOOK FOR LIL RON. SHE WANTED TO SEE IF HER BRAND NEW BOOTY WOULD GET HIS ATTENTION.
IT DID.
HE WAS ALL OVER TINA, IN FACT.
BUT TINA NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO TALK TO LIL RON.
BECAUSE THE ROOM STARTED SPINNING.
AND TINA WENT FROM DIZZY TO DEAD IN 60 SECONDS.


WOULD I BE DISRESPECTING THE DEAD IF I COMMENTED ON HER ASS?
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
YOU NEVER RESPECT THE DEAD. WHY START NOW?
GOOD POINT.
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
NICE ASS.
THAT ASS WAS INJECTED WITH BATHROOM CAULK BY A QUACK CLAIMING TO BE A SURGEON. BUT HE ACCIDENTALLY INJECTED IT INTO HER BLOODSTREAM.
THE THICK CAULK CAUSED AN EMBOLISM THAT BLOCKED HER PULMONARY ARTERY... FOLLOWED BY RESPIRATORY FAILURE, A HEART ATTACK, AND THEN DEATH.

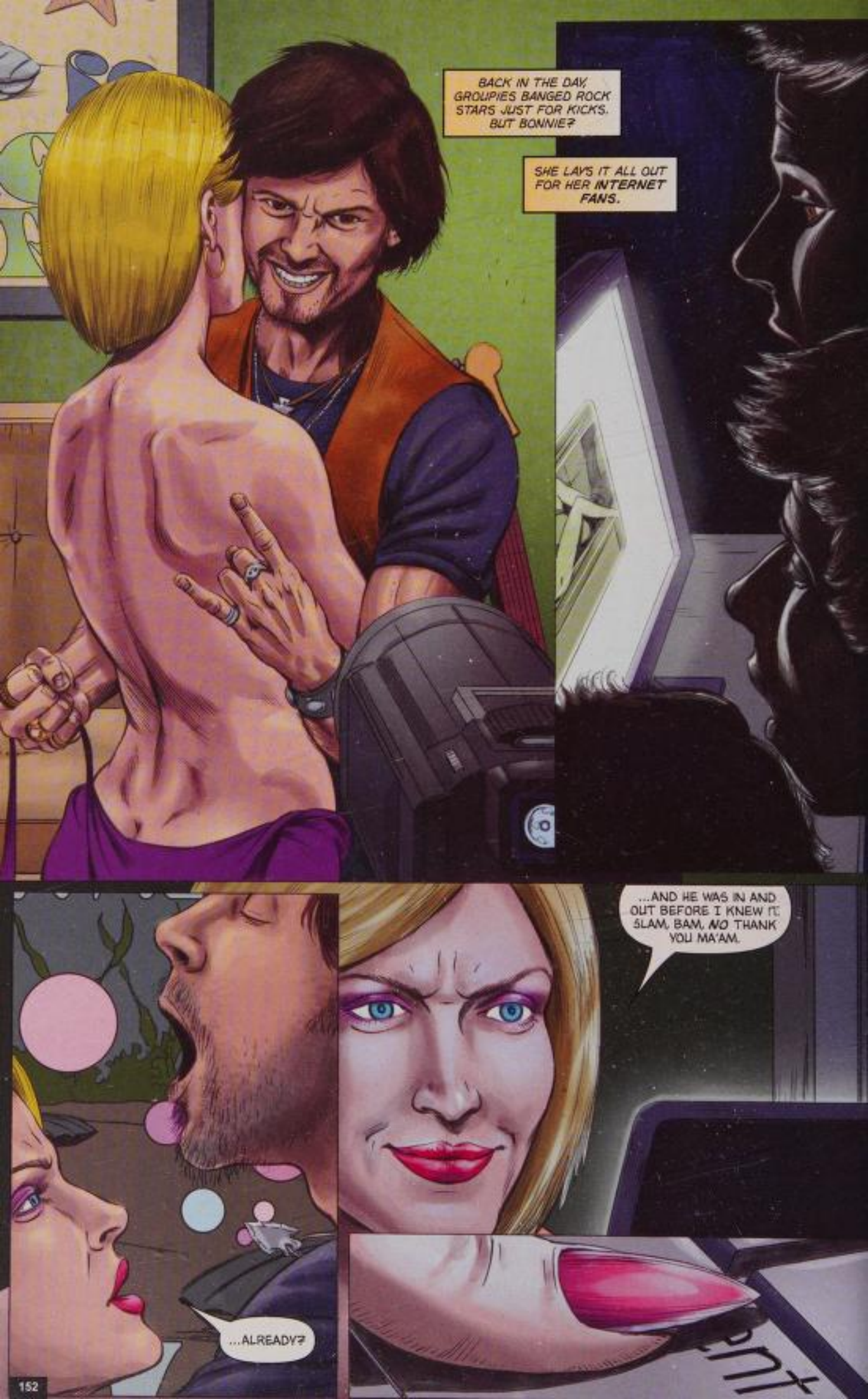



# WAY TO DIE #877: CAULK BLOCKED




• KISS OF DEATH •
WRITTEN BY PATRICK SHAND • PENCILS BY RICK ROSS
COLORS BY TIM YATES • LETTERS BY JIM CAMPBELL


LOCATION: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
DATE: SEPTEMBER, 2006
FOR SUCH A BIG ROCK STAR, IT WAS PRETTY SMALL... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
MEET "BACKSTAGE BONNIE" -- THE MOST NOTORIOUS ROCK GROUPIE BLOGGER.
HELLO, FANS! THIS IS BETWEEN THE SHEETS NUMBER SEVEN. TODAY WE HAVE...
...JOEY VAN STEEL!


BACK IN THE DAY, GROUPIES BANGED ROCK STARS JUST FOR KICKS. BUT BONNIE?
SHE LAYS IT ALL OUT FOR HER INTERNET FANS.
...AND HE WAS IN AND OUT BEFORE I KNEW IT. SLAM, BAM, NO THANK YOU MA'AM.
...ALREADY?


ONNIE HAS BONED ENOUGH ROCKERS TO FILL A SMALL ARENA.
ISN'T SHE THAT BLOGGER BITCH?
THAT IS HER!
SIGN ME!


WHAT'S THIS...?
THAT SAYS "SATISFACTION."
FUNNY. THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.


OH, BABY...
BLOG ME!


BONNIE HAS SLEPT HER WAY ALL AROUND THE GENRE...
BUT IF YOU CAN'T LIGHT HER FIRE...
WELL, ERM, OFF TO THE NEXT INTERVIEW...
WELL, FANS, THAT WAS BETWEEN THE SHEETS NUMBER SEVEN WITH JOEY VAN STEEL...
UNFORTUNATELY, IT WASN'T MUCH OF A BLOG. MORE OF A TWEET. SEE YOU NEXT TIME.
...SHE'LL GIVE HER FANS THE REAL BLOW-BY-BLOW.

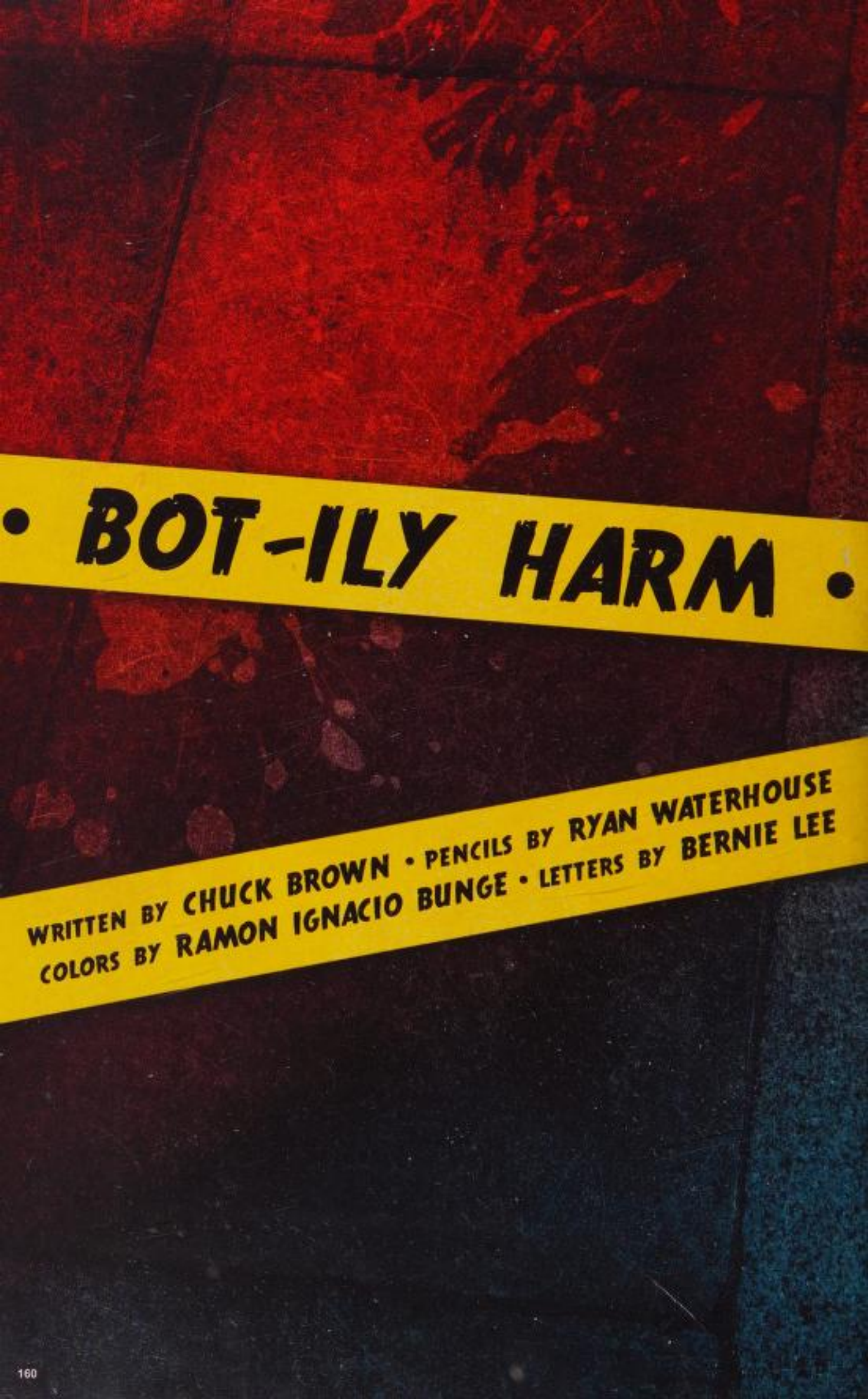

BONNIE IS EXPECTING BIG THINGS FROM HER UP-COMING SESSION WITH THE LEAD SINGER OF THE BAND BLOOD TURKEY.
FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE HAS A GREAT BIG GOBBLER. IT'S GOING TO BE A THANKSGIVING FEAST FOR ME.
THIS IS BETWEEN THE SHEETS. I TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF, YOU TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF... AND YOU FILL IN THE BLANK.
ON CAMERA? I'M THINKING NO.
COME ON. DON'T BE A SISSY. JUST HAVE SOME FUN AND GO WITH IT!
YEAH, I'M NOT GOING TO GO WITH ANYTHING. I'M JUST GOING TO GO.
GOO, YOU'RE SENSITIVE.
GOTTA GIVE THE FANS SOMETHING...
Hmmm.


BONNIE'S GOT A PLAN TO MAKE A REAL SUCKER OUT OF HIM.
I'LL SHOW HIM... I'LL MAKE EVERYONE THINK THE BIG SENSITIVE ROCK STAR HAS GOT A THING FOR SUCKING NECKS...
MY FANS WILL LAUGH THEIR ASSES OFF WHEN THEY SEE THIS.
SHE APPLIES THE VACUUM TO HER NECK...
VRRRRRRRRR
OW...
OH... OH, GOD THAT HURTS!
...WITH A FORCE OF 200 POUNDS PER SQUARE INCH OF SUCKING.
VRRRRRRRRRMMMM
WHEN SHE TRIES TO GET UP... SHE GOES DOWN AND OUT.
VRRRRRRRRRMMMM


NOW, I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A VAMPIRE JOKE, BUT...
THINK LESS MONSTER AND MORE HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE.
I DON'T FOLLOW.
SHE CALLED HERSELF "BACKSTAGE BONNIE". SHE PUT A VACUUM CLEANER ATTACHMENT TO HER NECK TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SOME ROCKER GAVE HER A HICKEY.
KILLED BY A VACUUM? HOW?
BENEATH THE SURFACE OF HER SKIN, THE SUCTION FORMED AN ARTERIAL CLOT...
WHICH TRAVELED QUICKLY TO HER BRAIN AND CAUSED HER TO SUFFER A FATAL STROKE.


BACKSTAGE BONNIE, THE GROUPIE SEX BLOGGER...
SHE TRIED HER BEST TO GET A MONEY SHOT WITH A RELUCTANT ROCKER.
TOO BAD THAT WHEN SHE FAKED IT...
...IT REALLY SUCKED!
WAY TO DIE #812: KISS OF DEATH

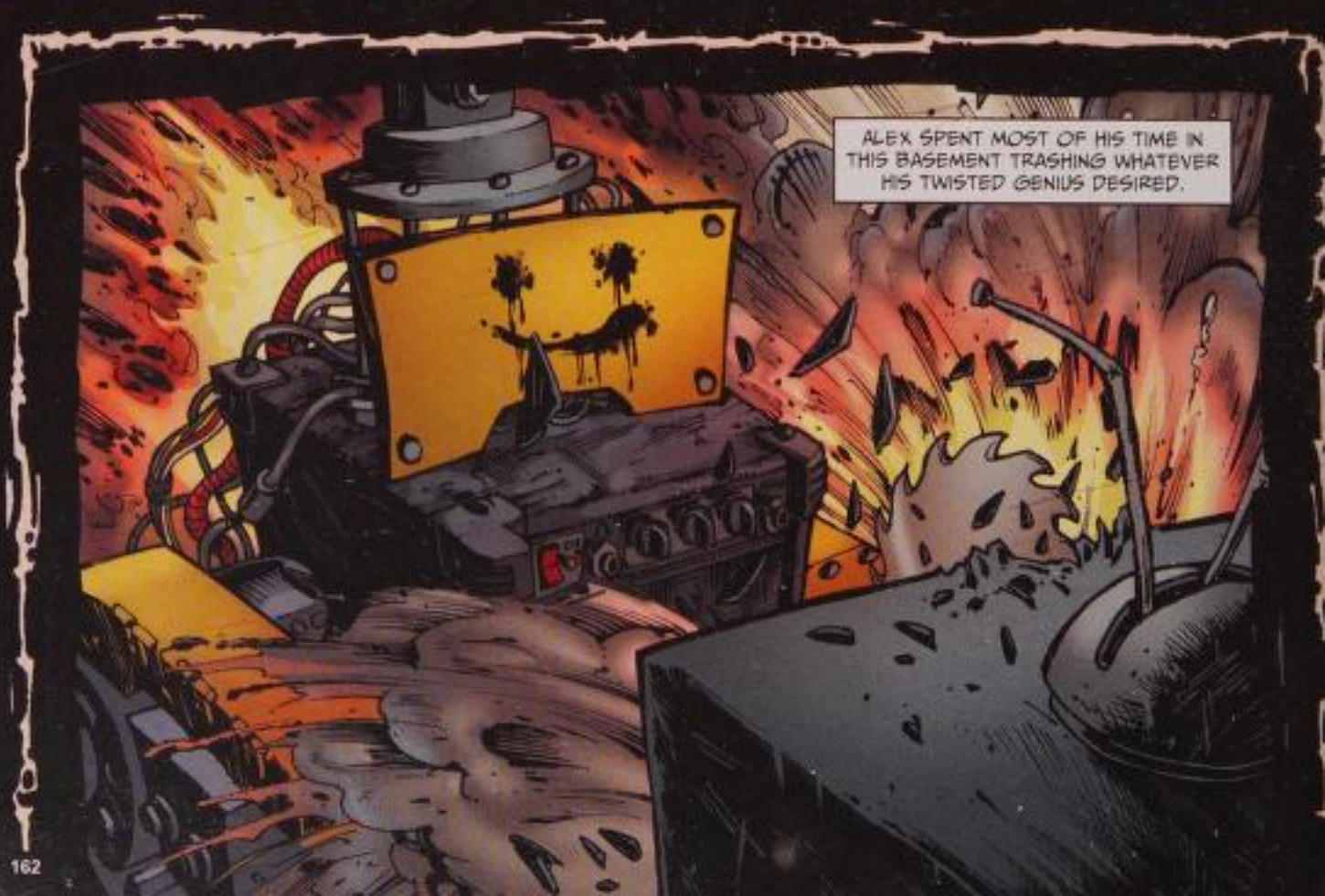



• BOT-ILY HARM •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY RYAN WATERHOUSE
COLORS BY RAMON IGNACIO BUNGE • LETTERS BY BERNIE LEE


LOCATION: AUSTIN, TX
DATE: MAY, 1999
ALEX WAS AN ELECTRONIC WHIZ KID.
HE COULD HAVE GONE TO ANY TOP COLLEGE IN THE COUNTRY.
BUT ALEX TOOK A DIFFERENT PATH.


HE CHOSE TO BUILD BATTLE BOTS.
HE USED THEM TO DESTROY STUFF IN HIS MOM'S BASEMENT.


KRASH


ALEX SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME IN THIS BASEMENT TRASHING WHATEVER HIS TWISTED GENIUS DESIRED.


HE WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR NEW WAYS TO HAVE FUN WITH HIS BOT.
THAT INCLUDED TORTURING HIS OWN PARENTS WITH HIS METAL MINION.
AAHHHHH!!
STOP IT, ALEX!
HAHAHAHAHAA
YOU SHOULD SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE!


BUT ALEX WAS GETTING BORED.
Zeldorka
BAD DUDES
WRECKING HIS MOTHER'S NERVES AND DESTROYING HER THINGS WAS GETTING OLD.
WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
HE NEEDED SOMETHING MORE — LIKE PUTTING MOTION SENSORS ON ONE OF HIS BATTLE BOTS.


ALEX ALSO ADDED SHARP ROTATING BLADES WHICH ROTATED AT A DEADLY 3000 RPS... AND HIS NEW KILLER BOT WAS READY FOR BATTLE.
HE AIMED THE NEW BOT AT ONE OF HIS FIRST-GENERATION CREATIONS.
IT WAS A SUCCESS.
OH, YEAH! THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.


AH, STUPID BOLTS--ALWAYS ROLLING OFF THE...
WHEN ALEX WENT TO PICK UP A BOLT, THE MOTION SENSORS FIRED UP AND TARGETED HIM.
ARGHH!
OH GOD NO PLEASE STOP!!
AGGGHHHHH!!!!
SOMEBODY HELP ME! MOM... MOM!!
BENGER
AND ALEX'S CREATION DIDN'T STOP CUTTING UNTIL ALEX STOPPED MOVING.




WHAT'RE YA READING?
AAAAHH!!

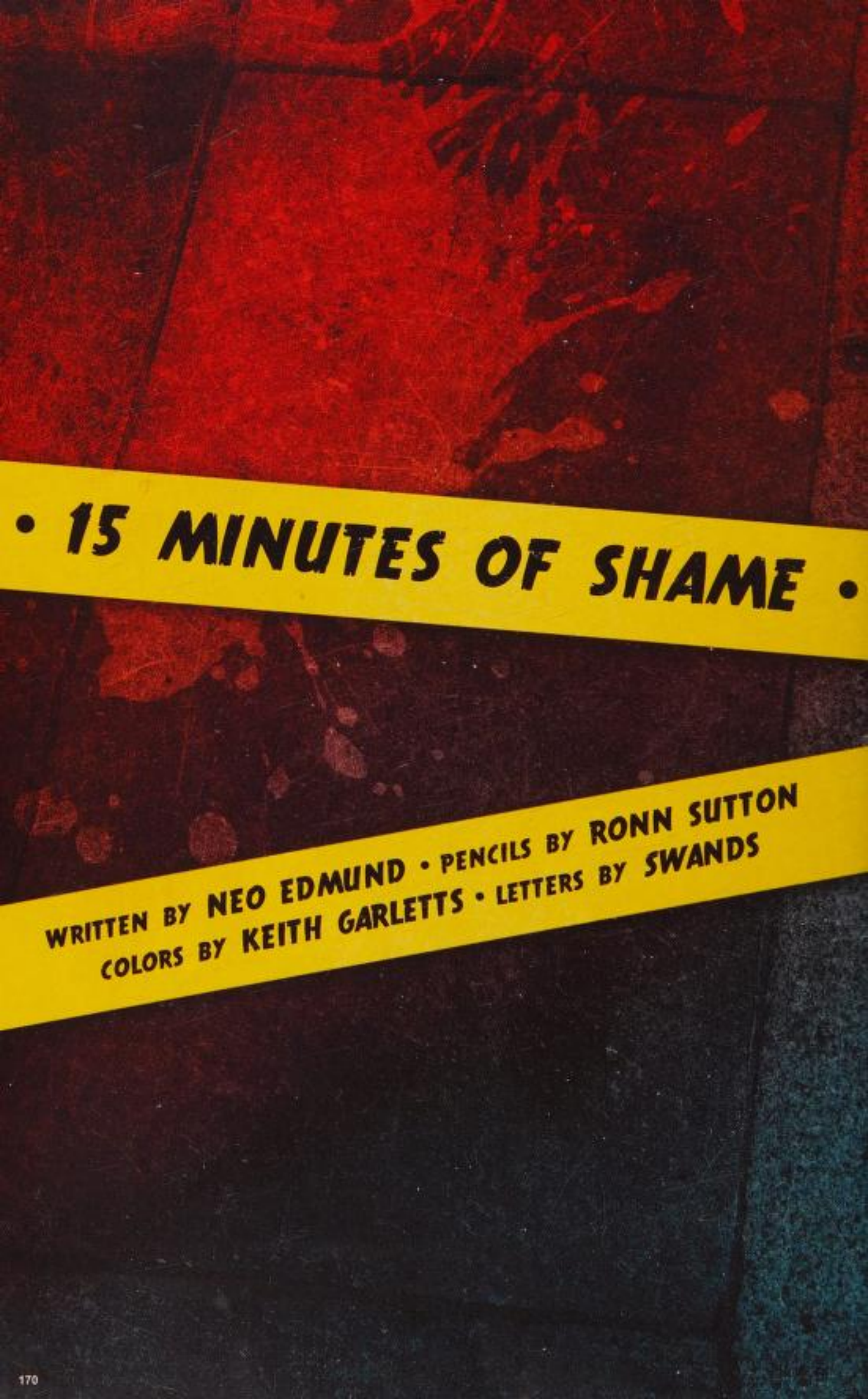

LET'S JUST SAY OUR NEW ARRIVAL INSPIRED ME TO BRUSH UP ON THE THREE *RULES OF ROBOTICS*.
SORRY, I DON'T SPEAK *GEEK*. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE KID?


ALEX BUILT A KILLER BOT THAT TURNED ON HIM. THE BOT'S BLADES RIPPED THROUGH MAJOR ARTERIES AND HE BLED TO DEATH.


DAMN, TOUGH BREAK, DR. FRANKEN-STEIN.
FUNNY.


ALEX WAS OBSESSED WITH CREATING A KILLER ROBOT.
AND HE FELL MADLY IN LOVE WITH HIS CREATION.
BUT WHEN HIS FAVORITE ROBOT MADE HIM THE ENEMY...
POOR ALEX WAS ALL TORN UP OVER IT.
WAY TO DIE #723
BOT-ILY HARM




• 15 MINUTES OF SHAME •
WRITTEN BY NEO EDMUND • PENCILS BY RONN SUTTON
COLORS BY KEITH GARLETTS • LETTERS BY SWANDS


LOCATION: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
DATE: NOVEMBER, 2004
IT WAS ELECTION TIME IN THE WINDY CITY, AND NO ONE CAMPAIGNED HARDER THAN CANDIDATE STONE.
WE GOT MURPHY!
GREAT WORK, KID!
STONE FOR
LISTEN UP, MURPHY, I NEED YOUR DISTRICT... WE'RE TWO POINTS AWAY. YOU CAN GET ME OVER THE HUMP!
MELISSA WAS STONE'S INTERN... SHE WORKED THE PHONES... BUT SHE REALLY WANTED TO WORK STONE.
VOTE FOR STONE!


I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU, HONEY. IT'S A MADHOUSE DOWN HERE...
STONE FOR MAYOR
VOTE FOR STONE
VOTE FOR STONE
STONE FOR MAYOR
THERE'S NO WAY I'LL GET HOME TONIGHT.
VOTE FOR STONE
MELISSA CLEARED HER SCHEDULE... AND WAS READY TO PENCIL STONE IN.
IT WOULD BE FAR TOO HARD FOR ME TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW.
I GOTTA GO!
STONE

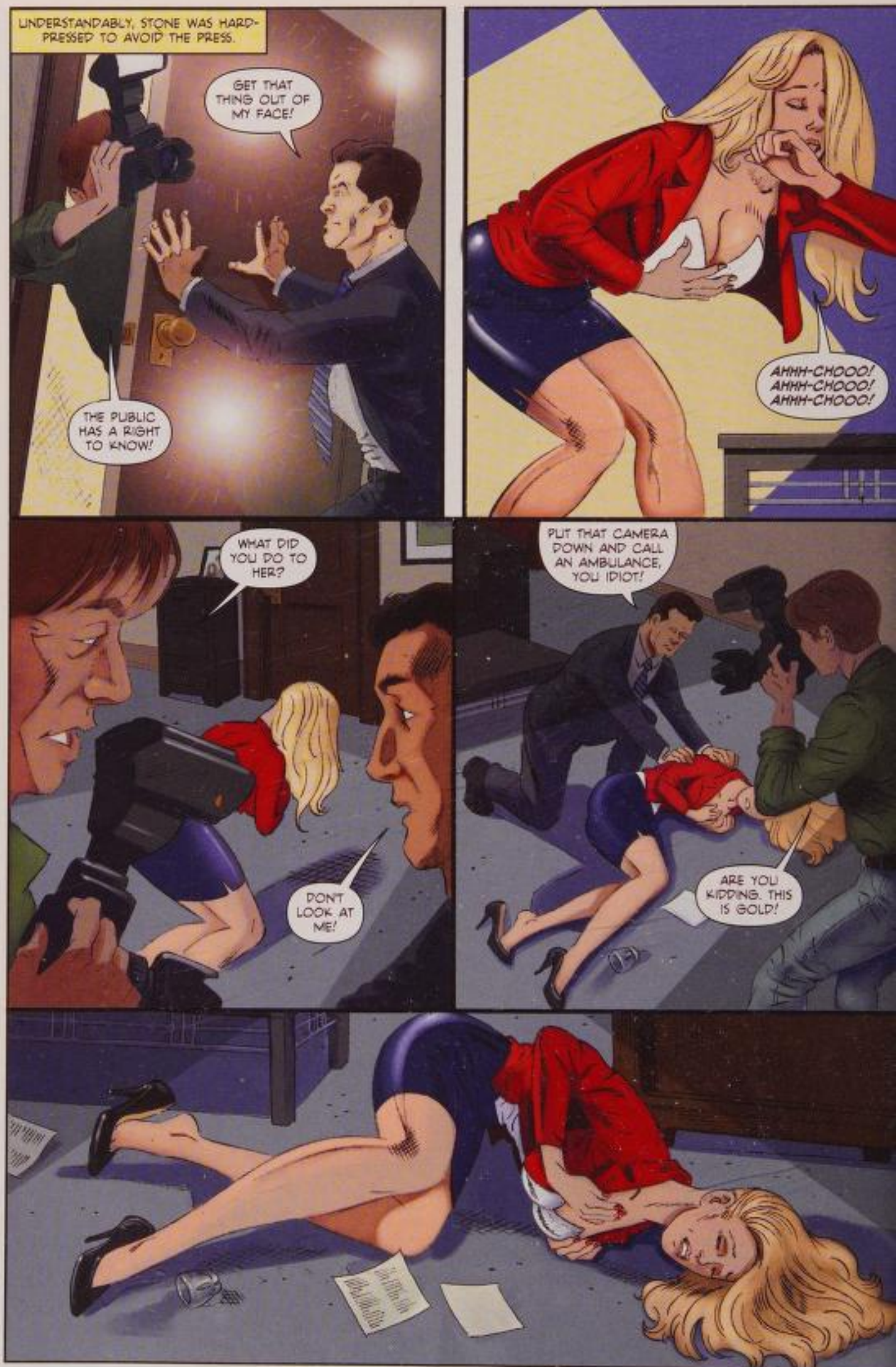

JACOB STEVENSON
Political Analyst
IT'S NOT AT ALL UNCOMMON FOR POLITICIANS TO LET THEIR POWER GO RIGHT TO THEIR HEADS.
IT'S AS IF THEY BELIEVE THE RULES OF SOCIETY DON'T APPLY TO THEM.
THEY TEND TO FORGET THEIR POLITICAL ENEMIES ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR AMMUNITION TO USE AGAINST THEM.
VACANCY
POLITICIANS CONTINUE TO GET CAUGHT WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN.
CENSORED
EVEN WITH THE CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGERS OF TODAY'S TECHNOLOGY SUCH AS CAMERA PHONES AND SOCIAL NETWORKING...

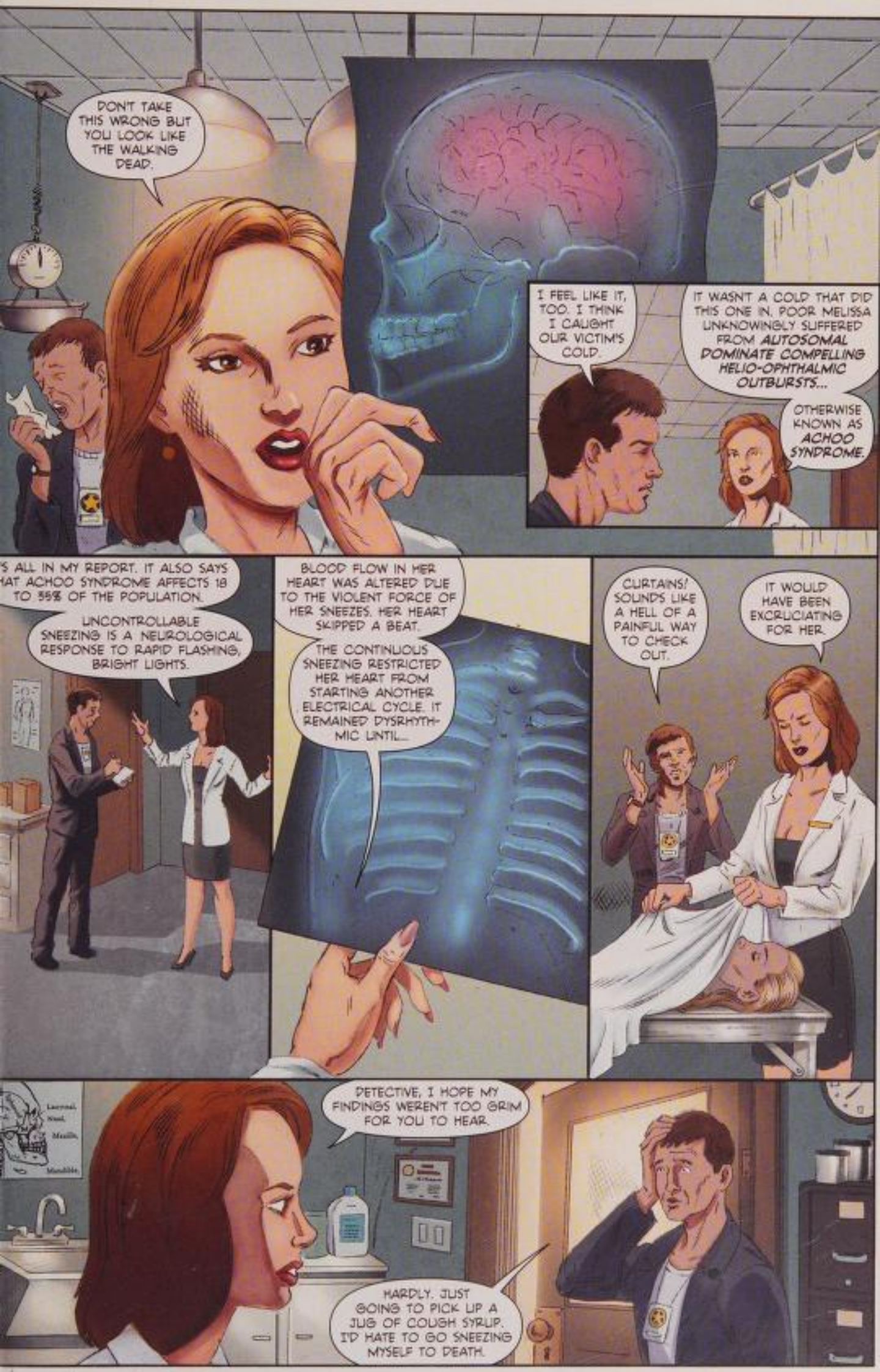

THANKS TO ALL OF YOUR HARD WORK, WE'RE GONNA KICK BUMGARNER RIGHT IN THE BUM.
HIS ASS IS GRASS.
I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!
AND WE'RE THE LAWNMOWER.
NOTHING CAN STOP YOU NOW, MISTER MAYOR.
I REALLY LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.
WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN TONIGHT. GO HOME. GET SOME SLEEP. I'LL SEE YOU ALL BRIGHT AND EARLY.


STONE
MAYOR
I GOT THIS ELECTION LOCKED!
RELAXING AFTER A LONG HARD DAY, MISTER MAYOR?
VOTE FOR STONE
AFTER NIGHTFALL, STONE'S INTERN WAS READY TO TEACH HIM A THING OR TWO ABOUT POLITICAL HARDBALL.
WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE? I SENT THE TROOPS HOME HOURS AGO.
STONE FOR MAYOR
YOU NEED A DRINK. YOU'VE EARNED IT.
WELL, MAYBE JUST A QUICK ONE!
GOOD! I COULD USE A NICE LONG STIFF ONE, MYSELF!
MELISSA WAS SLIPPING STONE A DATE RAPE DRUG KNOWN AS *FLUNITRAZEPAM.*
HERE'S TO VICTORY!
ONLY, SHE HAD NO INTEREST IN RAPING HIM PHYSICALLY. SHE WANTED TO RAPE HIM *POLITICALLY.*


ALL THIS TIME, MELISSA HAD ACTUALLY BEEN WORKING FOR BUMGARNER, THE OPPOSING CANDIDATE.
IT'S ALL SET. HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
SUCKER.
STONE
FOR
AYOR


A HEADLINE-GRABBER LIKE SLEEPING WITH AN INTERN WOULD CERTAINLY BE ENOUGH TO INK STONE ON LECTION DAY!
IT CAN'T BE TRUE.
PICTURES DON'T LIE.
SCANDAL!
MY WIFE'S GONNA KILL ME.
NOW WHOSE ASS IS UNDER THE LAWNMOWER?
WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?
IT WAS NICE WORKING YOU, MISTER STONE. IT WASN'T VERY HARD AT ALL!
YOU IDIOT!
MISTER STONE, WHAT IS THIS ABOUT AN ALLEGED AFFAIR WITH YOUR INTERN?
AHHH-CHOOO!


UNDERSTANDABLY, STONE WAS HARD-PRESSED TO AVOID THE PRESS.
GET THAT THING OUT OF MY FACE!
THE PUBLIC HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW!
AHHH-CHOOO! AHHH-CHOOO! AHHH-CHOOO!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?
DON'T LOOK AT ME!
PUT THAT CAMERA DOWN AND CALL AN AMBULANCE, YOU IDIOT!
ARE YOU KIDDING. THIS IS GOLD!


DONT TAKE THIS WRONG BUT YOU LOOK LIKE THE WALKING DEAD.
I FEEL LIKE IT, TOO. I THINK I CAUGHT OUR VICTIM'S COLD.
IT WASN'T A COLD THAT DID THIS ONE IN. POOR MELISSA UNKNOWINGLY SUFFERED FROM AUTOSOMAL DOMINATE COMPELLING HELIO-OPHTHALMIC OUTBURSTS...
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS ACHOO SYNDROME.
'S ALL IN MY REPORT. IT ALSO SAYS HAT ACHOO SYNDROME AFFECTS 18 TO 35% OF THE POPULATION.
UNCONTROLLABLE SNEEZING IS A NEUROLOGICAL RESPONSE TO RAPID FLASHING, BRIGHT LIGHTS.
BLOOD FLOW IN HER HEART WAS ALTERED DUE TO THE VIOLENT FORCE OF HER SNEEZES. HER HEART SKIPPED A BEAT.
THE CONTINUOUS SNEEZING RESTRICTED HER HEART FROM STARTING ANOTHER ELECTRICAL CYCLE. IT REMAINED DYSRHYTHMIC UNTIL...
CURTAINS! SOUNDS LIKE A HELL OF A PAINFUL WAY TO CHECK OUT.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EXCRUCIATING FOR HER.
Lacrymal
Nasal
Maxilla
Mandible
DETECTIVE, I HOPE MY FINDINGS WEREN'T TOO GRIM FOR YOU TO HEAR.
HARDLY. JUST GOING TO PICK UP A JUG OF COUGH SYRUP. I'D HATE TO GO SNEEZING MYSELF TO DEATH.


MELISSA WAS AS TWO-FACED AS THEY COME!
SO A CAREER IN POLITICS MADE SENSE FOR HER.
SHE WAS WILLING TO DO WHATEVER IT TOOK TO HELP HER FAVORITE CANDIDATE WIN THE ELECTION...
...AND MAKE SURE THE OTHER GUY WOULD BE RUINED FOR LIFE!
SHE COULD HAVE HAD A LIFELONG CAREER IN POLITICS.
TOO BAD HER HEART WASN'T IN IT.




• FRIED D'OH •
WRITTEN BY PATRICK SHAND • PENCILS BY SCOTT LARSON
COLORS BY JEFF BALKE • LETTERS BY BERNIE LEE


LOCATION: ATLANTA, GEORGIA
DATE: JUNE, 2004
IT'S QUITTIN' TIME AT THE CARNIVAL.
TIME TO SHUT DOWN THE GAMES AND FOOD STANDS AND COUNT THE DAY'S TAKE.
EEP FRIED GRUB
CLOSED
AFTER A LONG DAY OF DISHING OUT HEAPING HELPINGS OF DEEP-FRIED GRUB, DIXIE AND JULIAN ARE TIRED, HUNGRY...
ELLEN'S FRYING BATTER MIX
...AND HOT.


DIXIE JUST STARTED WORKING AT THE FOOD TENT, AND JULIAN WANTS A TASTE OF THIS SPICY NEW DISH.
JULIAN WANTS TO FEED HER THE HOT STUFF.
BEST THING ABOUT WORKING HERE? FREE FOOD AFTER WE CLOSE. CARE FOR A DEEP FRIED TWINKIE?
I LOVE TWINKIES!
YOU LOVE THAT CREAM FILLING, DON'T YOU?
MMMMM.
UNSURPRISINGLY, HIS SELECTIONS ARE ALL SIMILARLY SHAPED.
WOW! THAT WAS SO GOOD.
MUCH MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.


JULIAN CAN'T *WAIT* TO GIVE HER THE PICKLE.
A FRIED PICKLE?
YEAH. DELICIOUS, HUH?
I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD FIT IN MY MOUTH.
WELL, I GUESS WE'RE OUT OF *FOOD*.


JULIAN THINKS IT'S TIME TO CHOW DOWN...
GET AWAY FROM ME!
AW, COME ON...
ELLEN'S FRYING BATTER MIX
UGH!
SNICH
DIXIE! DIXIE, WHERE DID YOU GO!?
FREAKIN' LOSER...
...BUT IN FACT, DIXIE'S KITCHEN IS CLOSING DOWN.

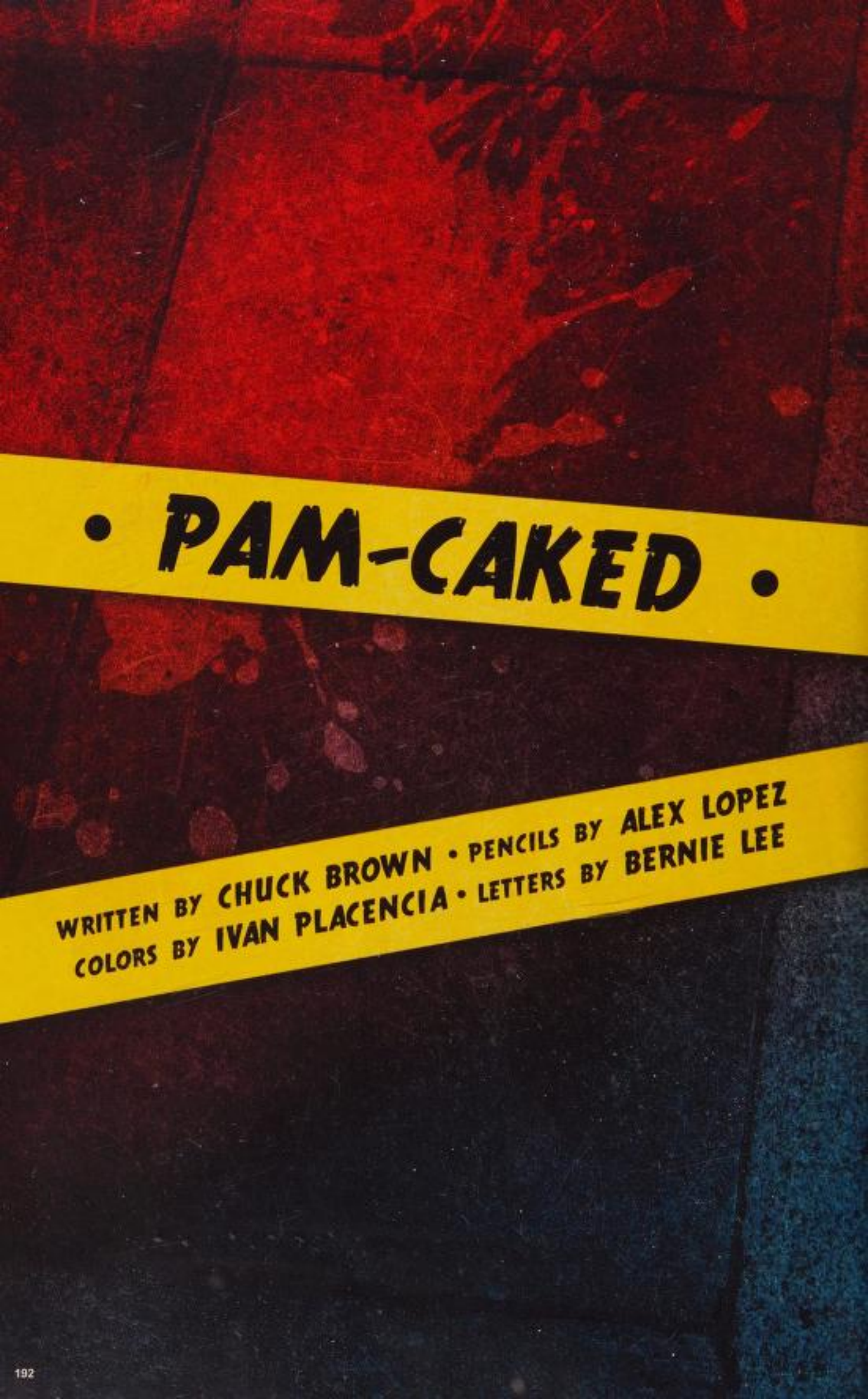

DIXIE! WHERE'D YA GO! GET BACK HERE!
MICK
DIXIE, GET BA- OOOF.
MICH
5555555555ZZZZZZ


WHEN DIXIE COMES BACK FOR HER PURSE, SHE DISCOVERS THAT JULIAN...
...JULIAN?
AAIIIIIEEEE!
...IS STILL COOKING.


SO THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU EAT TOO MUCH FAST FOOD. I GOTTA CUT BACK ON THE TAKEOUT.
...NOPE ...THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED...
HE RAN INTO A POLE, WHICH KNOCKED HIM RIGHT OUT... AT WHICH POINT THIS UNLUCKY YOUNG MAN TOOK A DIVE INTO THE DEEP FRYER.
EVEN WITH THE VATS OFF AND THE OIL COOLING, YOUR FATE IS PRETTY MUCH SEALED WHEN YOU SWALLOW HOT GREASE.
AND, OBVIOUSLY THE... THE MASSIVE BURNS TO HIS FACE.... THEY'RE...
YOU'RE A BIT GROSSED OUT, AREN'T YOU?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. I'M A PROFESSIONAL.
RIGHT. OF COURSE.
I'VE SEEN A LOT... BUT ADMITTEDLY, THIS IS...
HEH. KNEW IT. GROSSED OUT.


JULIAN WAS A HORNED-UP FRY BOY WHO TRIED TO FIRE UP A SWEET HOTTIE'S LOVE OVEN.
FRYING BATTER MIX
IGNORING HER REJECTION, HE WOUND UP GETTING BURNED...
...AND BATTERED.
WAY TO DIE #899
FRIED D'OH



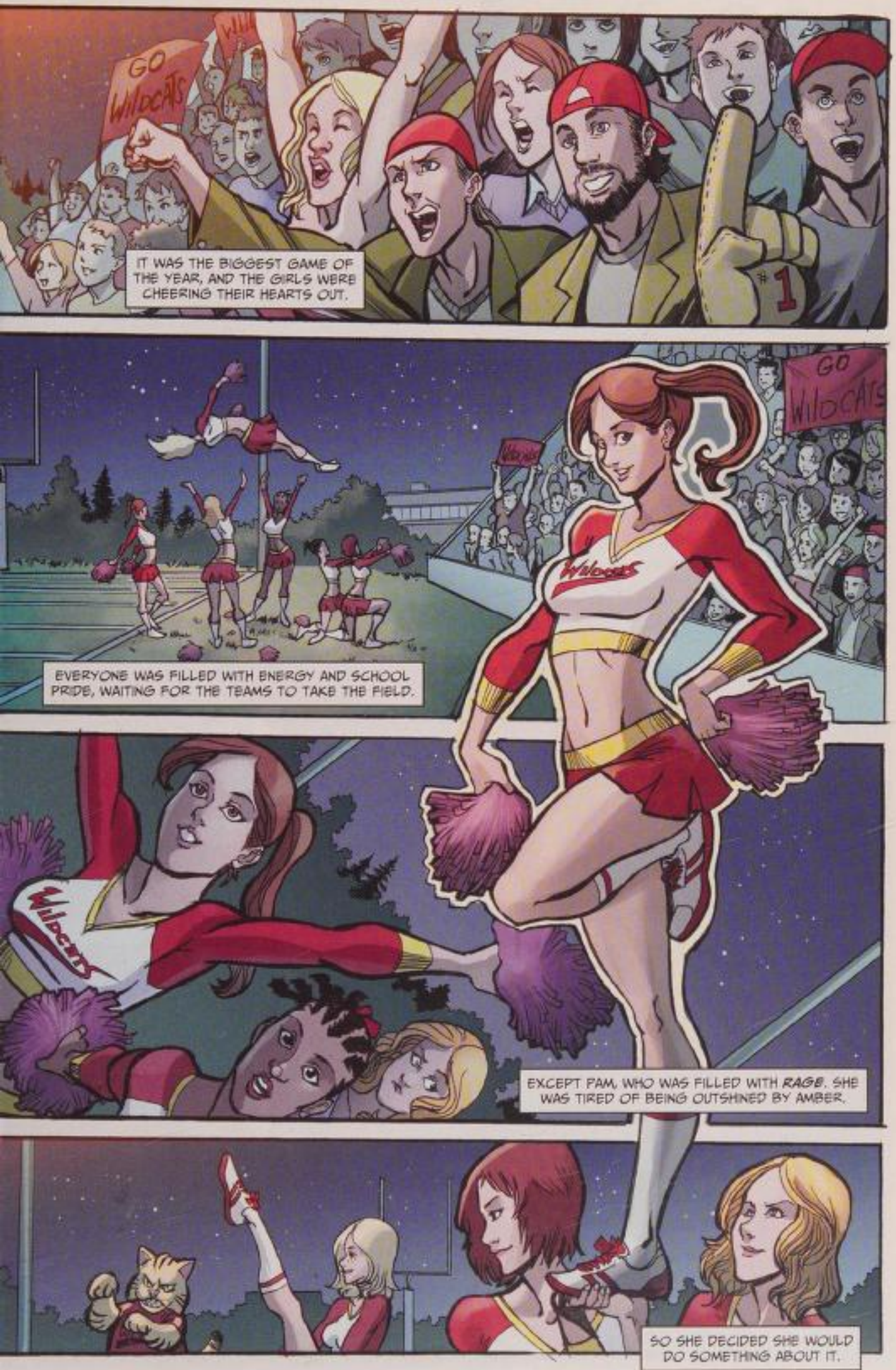

• PAM-CAKED •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY ALEX LOPEZ
COLORS BY IVAN PLACENCIA • LETTERS BY BERNIE LEE


LOCATION: BEAUMONT, TX
DATE: OCTOBER 19, 2007
CHEERLEADERS. IF YOU COULD HARNESS THEIR ENERGY, FOSSIL FUEL WOULD BE A THING OF THE PAST.
WILDCATS GO!
BUT WHEN IT CAME TO PAM, THE WILDCATS' CAPTAIN, ANOTHER WORD CAME TO MIND...
WITH CHEERLEADERS, THE FIRST WORD THAT COMES TO MIND IS PERKY.


...BITCH.
OMG! THAT WAS THE WORST ROUTINE EVER!
THE OTHER GIRLS HATED PAM.
FIRST OF ALL, BROOKE, YOU NEED TO LOSE SOME WEIGHT.
LACY, DID YOU EVEN PRACTICE THE MOVES?


HELLO GIRLS! I LOOK FORWARD TO JOINING THE TEAM.
SO THEY WERE GLAD WHEN A NEW GIRL SHOWED UP TO CHALLENGE HER REIGN OF TERROR.
HER NAME WAS AMBER.
AMBER DIDN'T JUST JOIN THE TEAM...
...SHE QUICKLY REPLACED PAM AS THE TEAM'S NEW FLYER.


SHE BECAME THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN SCHOOL AND EVEN STARTED DATING THE STAR QUARTERBACK...
55
Wildcats
...JUST AFTER HE DUMPED HIS OLD GIRLFRIEND.
THAT'S RIGHT...
...PAM.
Wildcats
1


GO WILDCATS
IT WAS THE BIGGEST GAME OF THE YEAR, AND THE GIRLS WERE CHEERING THEIR HEARTS OUT.
#1
GO WILDCATS
EVERYONE WAS FILLED WITH ENERGY AND SCHOOL PRIDE, WAITING FOR THE TEAMS TO TAKE THE FIELD.
Wildcats
EXCEPT PAM, WHO WAS FILLED WITH RAGE. SHE WAS TIRED OF BEING OUTSHINED BY AMBER.
SO SHE DECIDED SHE WOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.


OOOPS!
THAT LOOKED LIKE IT HURT.
WILDCATS
PAM STEPPED BACK TO GLOAT. LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT SHE WAS STEPPING RIGHT IN DEATH'S PATH.
RUMMBBLEE
28
55
THAT'S RIGHT, THE ENTIRE WILDCATS FOOTBALL TEAM BUSTED THROUGH THE SCHOOL BANNER -- AND PAM NEVER SAW IT COMING...
FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS OF FOOTBALLERS TORE HER BODY APART LIKE FRESH TURF.


LET'S SEE, MULTIPLE PUNCTURE WOUNDS TO THE ABDOMEN. SHE HAD A SPLENIC LACERATION, HEMORRHAGING -- AND THEN CAME DEATH.
DID THIS GIRL'S SQUAD *STAB* HER TO DEATH?
NO, SHE TOOK ON THE WHOLE *FOOTBALL TEAM.*
*REALLY!*
CALM DOWN, YOU PERV -- SHE WAS *TRAMPLED* BY THEM.
OH... *THAT'S* NOT SEXY AT ALL.


PAM WAS A TRUE BITCH AT HEART.
THAT SUCKED!!
SHE DECIDED TO THROW AMBER UNDER THE BUS...
BUT SHE WAS THE ONE WHO GOT RUN OVER.
WAY TO DIE #179
PAM-CAKED




• SIGN OFFED •
WRITTEN BY CHUCK BROWN • PENCILS BY MARCO COSENTINO
COLORS BY VLADIMIR POPOV • LETTERS BY SWANDS

# WARNING: DO NOT ATTEMPT TO TRY ANY OF THE ACTIONS DEPICTED.

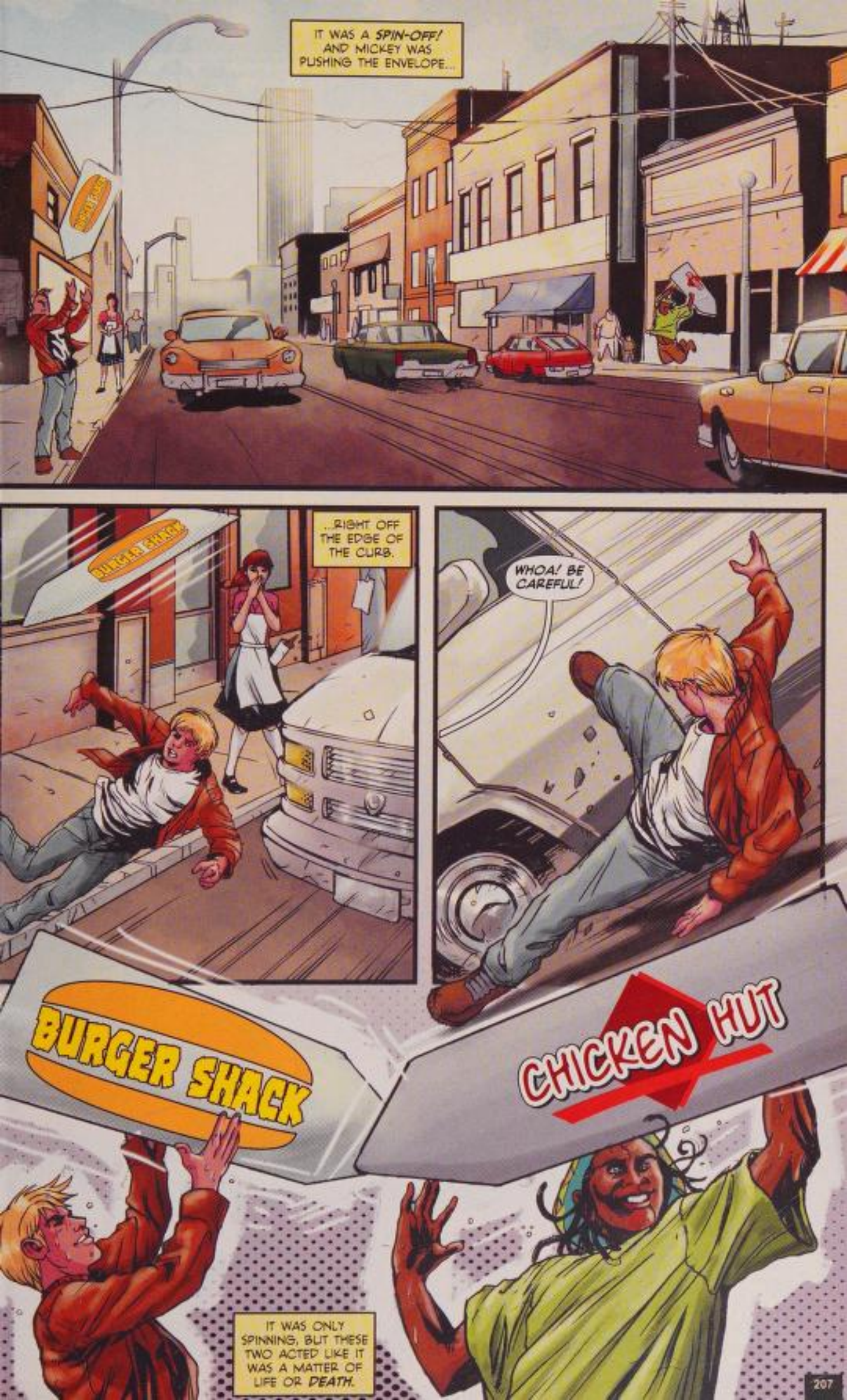
# YOU WILL DIE!




BURGER S
BUT MICKEY DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE MONEY. FOR HIM IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE ART OF THE SPIN.
AND MICKEY WAS ONE OF THE BEST.
SIGN SPINNING IS A FORM OF OUTDOOR MARKETING. THE EMPLOYEES STAND ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND SPIN LARGE, ARROW-SHAPED SIGNS TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF PEOPLE DRIVING BY.
ELMER REYES
Former Sign Spinner
BURGER SHACK
JUST LIKE SKATEBOARDING AND BREAKDANCING, SIGN SPINNING HAS DIFFERENT TRICKS AND MOVES. IT STARTED IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BUT NOW IT'S NATIONAL--EVEN INTERNATIONAL.


MICKEY HAD BEEN SPINNING ON THE SAME CORNER FOR A MONTH.
HE'D BEEN SHOWING OFF FOR A CUTE LITTLE BARISTA NAMED ALICE.
HE WAS HOPING TO GET HER ALL WORKED UP INTO A...
BURGER JOINT
OH...
...FROTHY LATTE.


ENTER RAHEM--
A FELLOW SIGN
SPINNER WHO
ALSO WANTED TO
GRIND ALICE'S
COFFEE BEANS.
CHICKEN
RAHEM THOUGHT HE KNEW
THE WAY TO ALICE'S HEART,
SO HE WAS READY TO
SHOW OFF HIS SKILLS.
OH MY
GOD!
SHACK
THAT
GUY DOESN'T
KNOW HOW
TO SPIN!


IT WAS A SPIN-OFF! AND MICKEY WAS PUSHING THE ENVELOPE...
BURGER SHACK
..RIGHT OFF THE EDGE OF THE CURB.
WHOA! BE CAREFUL!
BURGER SHACK
CHICKEN HUT
IT WAS ONLY SPINNING, BUT THESE TWO ACTED LIKE IT WAS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH.


FOR MICKEY, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT BECAME.
THE TIP OF MICKEY'S SIGN HAD HIT THE PAVEMENT ONE TOO MANY TIMES.
STRIKING THE PAVEMENT HAD LEFT A JAGGED PIECE OF EXPOSED COROPLAST, A HARD PLASTIC USED FOR SIGNMAKING.
THE EXPOSED PIECE OF JAGGED PLASTIC SLICED RIGHT THROUGH MICKEY'S JUGULAR.


RIGHT THROUGH THE JUGULAR. THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A PROFESSIONAL JOB.
YEP! A PROFESSIONAL SPINNER.
COME AGAIN?
THIS GUY WAS A PROFESSIONAL SIGN SPINNER.
SO HOW DID HIS JUGULAR GET...?
WELL, HE WAS SPINNING AN ARROW SHAPED SIGN THAT HAPPENED TO HAVE A REAL POINT.
HE SPUN IT A LITTLE TOO CLOSE TO HIS NECK, LACERATED THE JUGULAR, AND BLED OUT.


MICKEY COULD SPIN THE HELL OUT OF A SIGN BUT HE SHOULD HAVE TRIED READING A FEW WARNING SIGNS INSTEAD...
CAUTION
STOP
DEAD END
WAY TO DIE #298: SIGN OFFED



TV'S FIRST TATTOO COMPETITION SHOW.



# INK MASTER

HOSTED BY DAVE NAVARRO WITH OLIVER PECK AND CHRIS NUÑEZ

TUESDAYS 10/9C
SERIES PREMIERE JAN 17

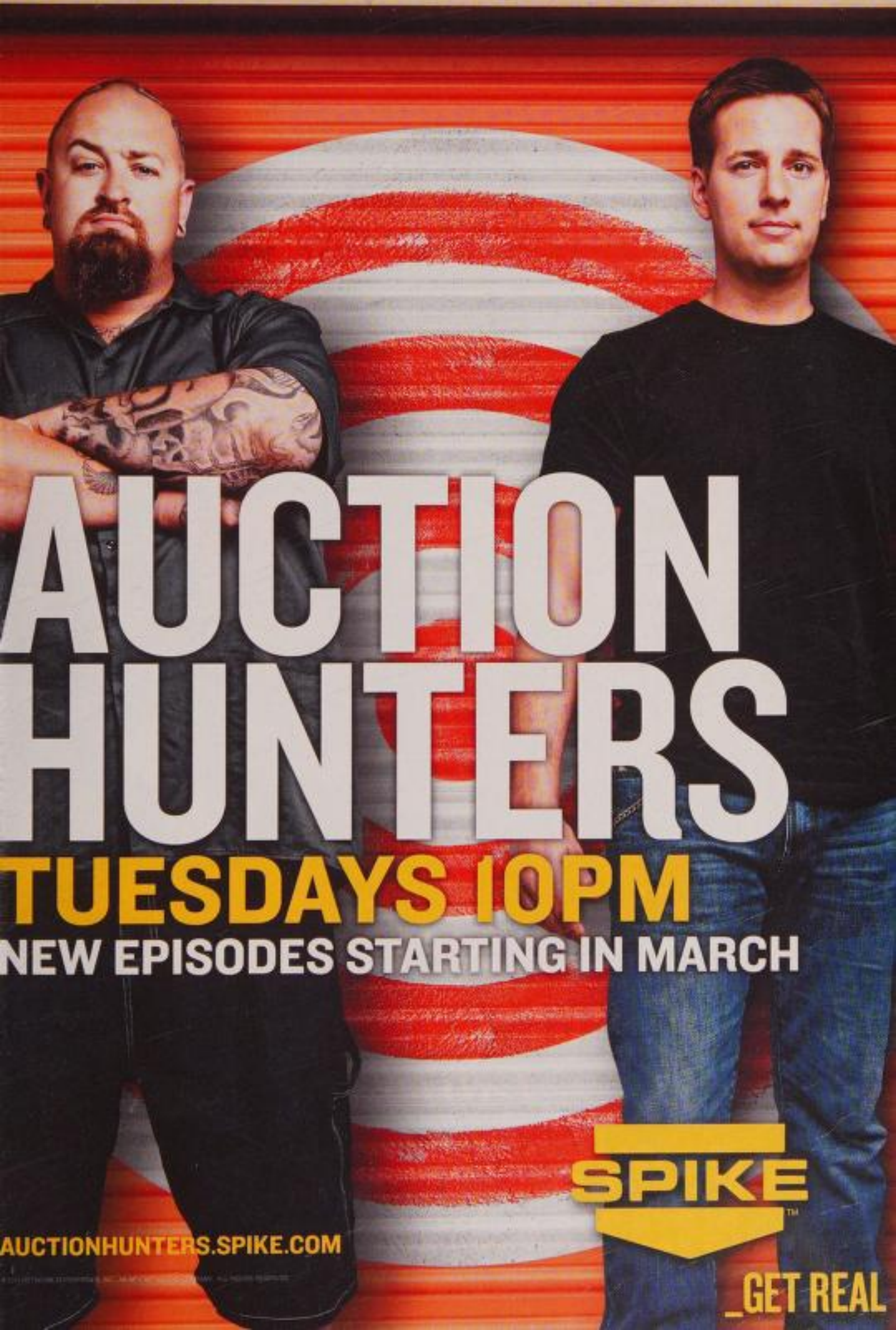
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_GET REAL

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THERE'S A FORTUNE IN STORAGE,
AND THEY'RE OUT TO MAKE A KILLING.



# AUCTION HUNTERS

## TUESDAYS 10PM

NEW EPISODES STARTING IN MARCH

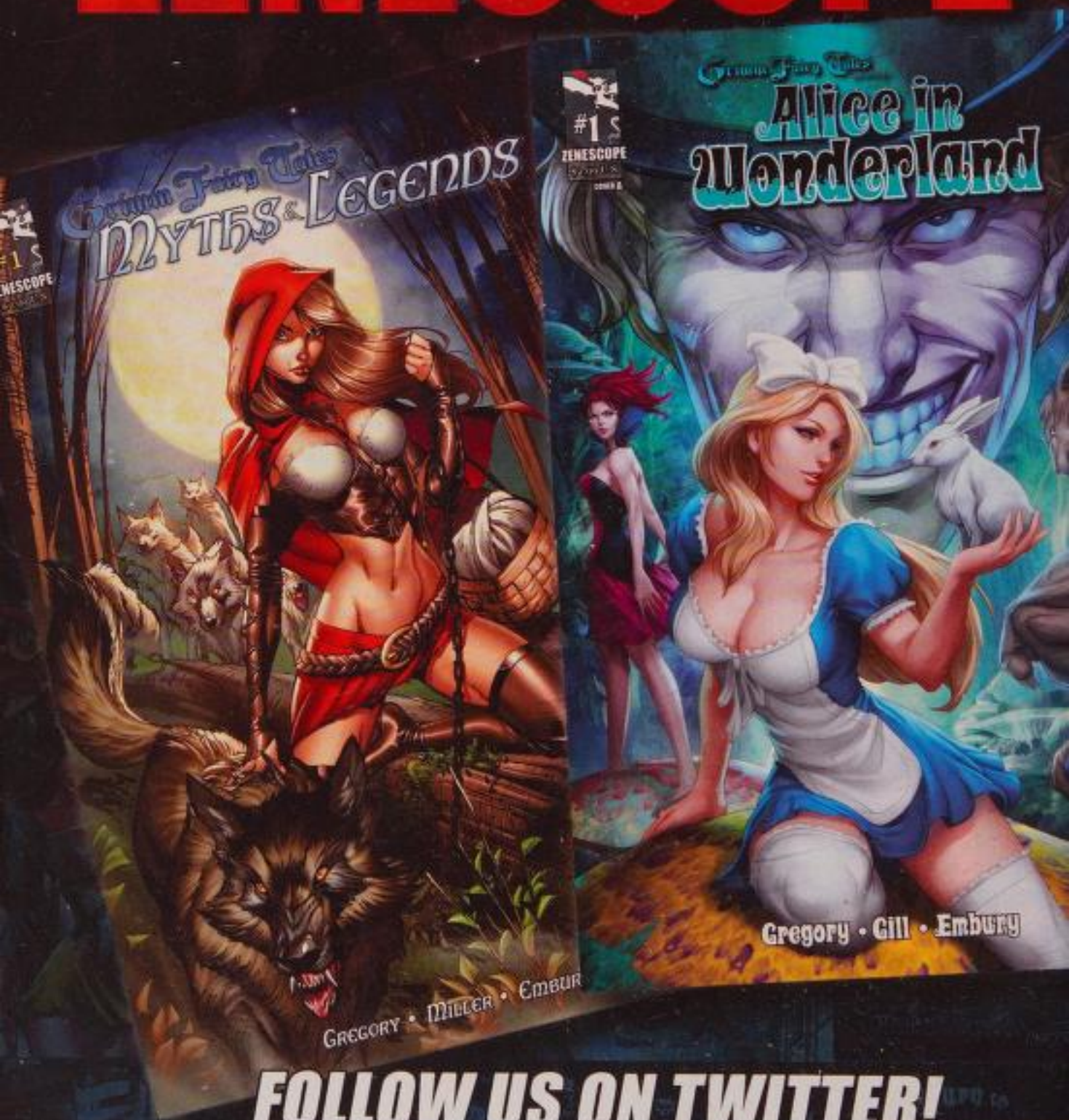
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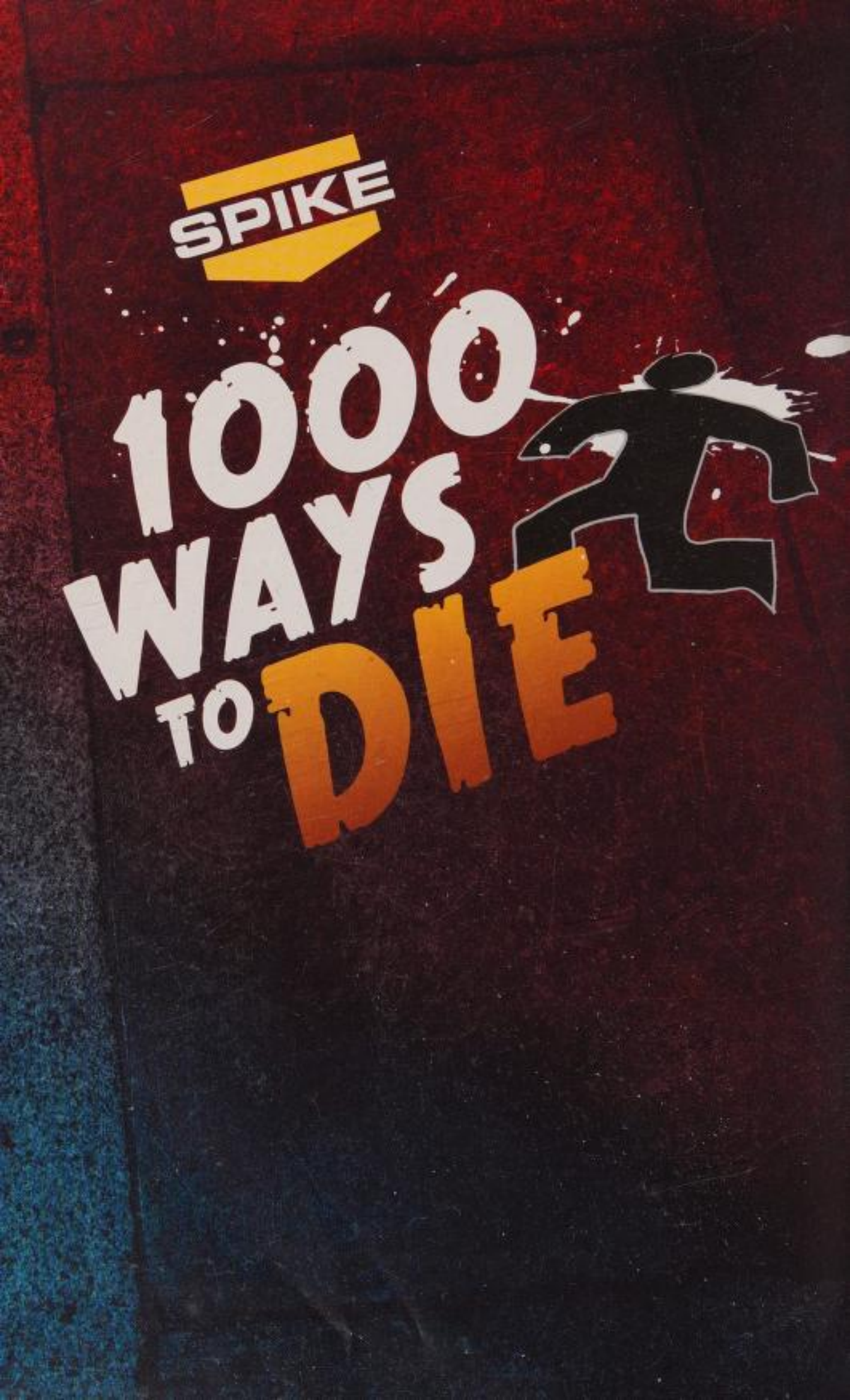

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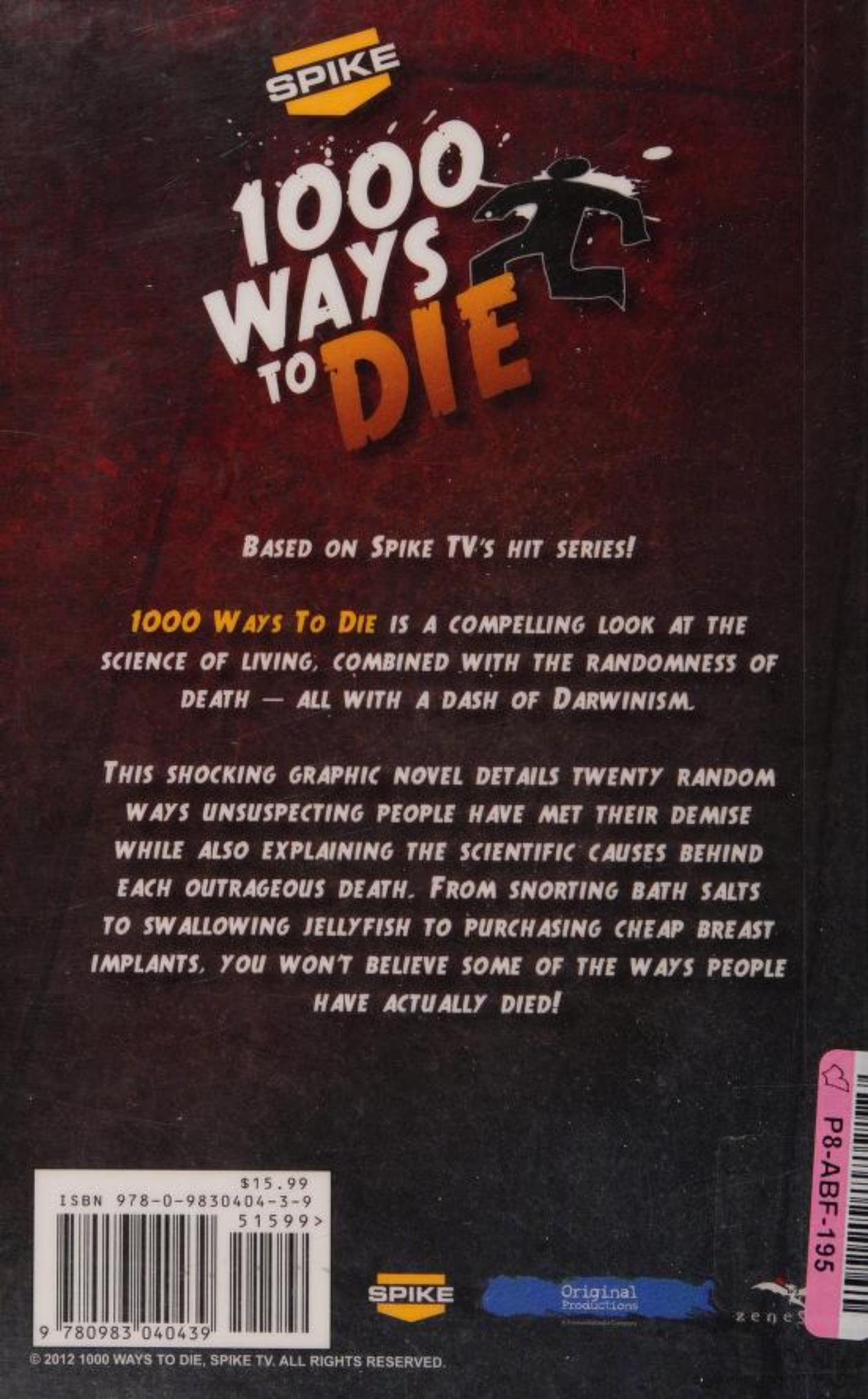
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